POEMS.

THE

Golden Remains

Of those so much admired

DRAMATICK POETS,

Francis Beaumont & *John Fletcher* Gent.

Containing,

The Hermaphrodite two Sexes.
The Remedy and Art of Love.
Elegies on the most eminent Persons; with other amorous Sonnets, and conceited Fancies.

Together,

With the Prologues, Epilogues, and Songs, many of which were never before inserted in his printed Playes.

The second Edition enriched with the addition of other Drolleries by severall Wits of these present Times.

LONDON,
Printed for *William Hope* at the backside of the Old Exchange. 1660.

TO THE
Right Worſhipful, the worthily honoured, ROBERT PARKHURST Eſq;

VVEre theſe but worthleſs Poems, or light Rimes,
Writ by ſome common ſcribler of the Times,
Without your leave I durſt not then engage
You, to ennoble 'em by your patronage;
But theſe though Orphans, and left Fatherleſſe,
Their rich endowments ſhow they do poſſeſſe
A Fathers bleſſing; whom the Fates thought fit
To make a Maſter of a Mine of wit:
Whoſe raviſhing conceits do towre ſo high,
As if his Quill had dropt from *Mercury*:
But when his fancy chanc'd of love to ſing,
You'd ſweare his Pen were plum'd from *Cupids* wing;
He doth an amorous paſſion ſo diſcover,
As if (ſave *Beaumont*) none had ere been Lover;
Some praiſe a manly bounty, ſome incline
More to applaud the vertues feminine;
Some ſeverall graces in both *Sexes* hid,
But only *Beaumont's*, he alone that did
By a rare ſtratagem of wit connex
What's choice and excellent in either Sex.

Then cherish (Sir) these Saplings, whose each straine,
Speakes them the issue of brave *Beaumonts* braine;
Which made me thus dare to prefix your name,
Which will, if ought can, adde unto their fame.

I am,

Sir,

Your most humble and

devoted Servant,

L. B.

To the true Patroneſſe of all Poetry, *CALIOPE.*

IT is a ſtatute in deep wiſdoms lore,
That for his lines none ſhould a Patron chuſe,
By wealth or poverty, by leſſe or more,
But who the ſame is able to peruſe:
Nor ought a man his labour dedicate,
Without a true and ſenſible deſert,
To any power of ſuch a mighty ſtate:
But ſuch a wiſe defendreſſe as thou art;
Thou great and powerfull Muſe, then pardon me,
That I preſume thy maiden cheeke to ſtaine,
In dedicating ſuch a worke to thee,
Sprung from the iſſue of an idle braine:
I uſe thee as a woman ought to be,
I conſecrate my idle houres to thee.

F. B.

In laudem Authoris.

Like to the weake estate of a poore friend,
To whom sweet fortune hath beene ever slow,
Which daily doth that happy houre attend,
When his poore state may his affection show:
So fares my love, not able as the rest,
To chant thy praises in a lofty vaine;
Yet my poore Muse, doth vow to do her best,
And wanting wings, she'l tread an humble straine;
I thought at first her homely steps to raise,
And for some blazing Epethites to look:
But then I fear'd that by such wond'rous praise,
Some men would grow suspitious of thy book:
For he that doth thy due deserts rehearse,
Derives that glory from thy worthy verse.

W. B.

To the Author.

Either the goddesse draws her troopes of loves
From Paphos, *where she erst was held divine,*
And doth unyoke her tender necked doves,
Placing her seat in this small pap'ry shrine;
Or the sweet graces through th' Idalian grove,
Led the best Author in their danced rings;
Or wanton Nymphs in watry bowers have wove,
With faire Mylesian *threads, the verse he sings;*

Or

Or curious Pallas *once againe doth strive*
With proud Arachne, *for illustrious glory,*
And once againe doth loves of Gods revive,
Spinning in silver twists a lasting story:
If none of these then Venus *chose his sight,*
To lead the steps of her blind son aright.

J. B.

To the Author.

THe matchlesse lust of a faire Poesie,
Which was erst buried in old Romes *decaies;*
Now 'gins with heat of rising Majesty,
Her dust wrapt head from rotten Tombe to raise,
And with fresh splendor gilds her feareless creast,
Rearing her Pallace in our Poets brest.
The wanton Ovid, *whose intising rimes*
Have with attractive wonder forc'd attention
No more shall be admir'd at: for these times
Produce a Poet, whose more rare invention,
Will teare the love-sick Mirtle from his brows,
T' adorne his Temple with deserved boughs.
The strongest Marble feares the smallest rain,
The rusting canker eates the purest gold;
Honours best dye dreads envies blackest stain,
The crimson badge of beauty must wax old:
But this faire issue of thy fruitfull braine,
Nor dreads age, envy, cankring, rust or raine,

 J. F.

The Author to the Reader.

I Sing the fortune of a luckleſſe Paire,
Whoſe ſpotleſſe ſoules now in one body be;
For Beauty ſtill is Prodromus *to care,*
Croſt by the ſad ſtars of nativity:
And of the ſtrange inchantment of a well,
Given by the Gods; my ſportive Muſe doth write,
Which ſweet lip'd Ovid *long ago did tell,*
Wherein who baths, ſtreight turnes Hermaphrodite:
I hope my Poem is ſo lively writ,
That thou wilt turn halfe mad with reading it.

To Mr Francis Beaumont (then living.)

HOw I do love thee Beaumont, *and thy* Muſe,
That unto me do'ſt ſuch Religion uſe!
How I do feare my ſelfe, that am not worth
The leaſt indulgent thought thy Pen drops forth!
At once thou mak'ſt me happy, and unmak'ſt;
And giving largely to me, more thou tak'ſt.
What fate is mine, that ſo it ſelfe bereaves?
What art is thine, that ſo thy friend deceives?
When even there where moſt thou praiſeſt me,
For writing better, I muſt envy thee.

Ben. Johnson.

Vpon M. FLETCHERS Incomparable Plaies.

APollo *sings, his harpe resounds; give roome,*
For now behold the golden Pompe is come,
Thy Pompe of Playes which thousands come to see,
With admiration both of them and thee.
O Volume worthy leafe, by leafe and cover
To be with juice of Cedar washt all over;
Here's words with lines, and lines with Scenes consent,
To raise an Act to full astonishment;
Here melting numbers, words of power to move
Young men to swoone, and Maids to dye for love.
Love lies a bleeding here, Evadne *there*
Swels with brave rage, yet comly every where:
Here's a mad lover, *there that high designe*
Of King and no King, *(and the rare Plot thine)*
So that when e're we circumvolve our Eyes;
Such rich, such fresh, such sweet varieties,
Ravish our spirits, that entranc't we see
None writes lov's passion in the world like Thee.

ROB. HERRICK.

To the Memory of the incomparable Paire of Authors, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*.

GReat paire of Authors, whom one equall ſtar
Begot ſo like in Genius, that you are
In fame, as well as writings, both ſo knit,
That no man knows where to divide your Wit,
Much leſſe your praiſe; you, who had equall fire,
And did each other mutually inſpire;
Whether one did contrive, the other write,
Or one fram'd the Plot, the other did indite;
Whether one found the matter, th' other Dreſſe,
Or th' one diſpoſed what the other did expreſſe;
Where e're your parts between your ſelves lay, we,
In all things which you did, but one thread ſee,
So evenly drawn out, ſo gently ſpun,
That Art with Nature ne're did ſmoother run.
Where ſhall I fixe my praiſe then? or what part
Of all your numerous Labours hath deſert
More to be fram'd than other? ſhall I ſay,
I've met a Lover ſo drawn in your Play,
So paſſionately written, ſo inflam'd,
So jealouſly inrag'd, then gently tam'd,
That I in reading have the Perſon ſeen,
And your Pen hath part Stage, and Actor been?
Or ſhall I ſay, that I can ſcarce forbeare
To clap, when I a Captaine do meet there;

So lively in his own vaine humour dreſt,
So braggingly, and like himſelfe expreſt,
That Moderne Cowards, when they ſaw him plaid,
Saw, bluſht, departed guilty, and betrai'd?
You wrote all parts right; what ſoe're the Stage
Had from you, was ſeen there as in the Age,
And had their equall life: Vices which were
Manners abroad, did grow corrected there:
They who poſſeſs'd a box, and halfe Crown ſpent
To learne obſcenenes, return'd innocent;
And thank'd you for this coz'nage, whoſe chaſt Scene
Taught loves ſo Noble, ſo reform'd, ſo cleane;
That they who brought foule fires, and thither came
To bargaine, went thence with a holy flame.
Be't to your praiſe too, that your Stock and veine
Held both to Tragick and to Comick ſtraine;
Where e're you liſted to be high and grave,
No Buskin (hew'd more ſolid, no quill gave
Such feeling objects to draw teares from eyes,
Spectators ſate part in your Tragedies.
And where you liſted to be low, and free,
Mirth turn'd the whole houſe into Comedy;
So piercing (where you pleas'd) hitting a fault,
That humours from your Pen iſſued all ſalt.
Nor were you thus in works and Poems knit,
As to be but two halfes, and make one wit;
But as ſome things we ſee have double cauſe,
And yet the effect it ſelfe, from both whole draws:
So though you were thus twiſted and combin'd
As two bodies, to have but one faire mind;
Yet if we praiſe you rightly, we muſt ſay
Both joy'nd, and both did wholly make the Play:
For that you could write ſingly, we may gueſſe
By the divided peeces, which the Preſſe

Hath severally set forth; nor were gone so
(Like some our Moderne Authors) made to go
On meerely by the help of th' other, who
To purchase fame do come forth one of Two;
Nor wrote you so, that ones part was to lick
The other into shape, nor did one stick
The others cold Inventions with such wit,
As serv'd like spice, to make them quick and fit;
Nor out of mutuall want, or emptinesse,
Did you conspire to go still Twins to th' Presse:
But what thus joyned you wrote, might have come forth
As good from each, and stor'd with the same worth
That thus united them, you did joyne sense;
In you 'twas League, in others Impotence;
And the Presse which both thus amongst us sends,
Sends us one Poet in a Paire of Friends.

To

On the happy Collection of *Beaumont's* and *Fletcher's* Works.

FLETCHER *ariſe, Uſurpers ſhare thy Bayes,*
They Canton *thy vaſt Wit to build ſmall* Playes:
He comes! his Volume *breaks through clouds and duſt,*
Down, little Wits, Ye muſt refund, Ye muſt.
Nor comes he private, here's great BEAUMONT *too,*
How could one ſingle World encompaſſe Two?
For theſe Co-heires had equall power to teach
All that all Wits both can and cannot reach.
Shakeſpeare *was early up, and went ſo dreſt,*
As for thoſe dawning *houres he knew was beſt;*
But when the Sun ſhone forth, You two *thought fit*
To weare juſt Robes, and leave off Trunk-hoſe-Wit.
Now, now 'twas Perfect; None muſt looke for New,
Manners and Scenes may alter, but not You;
For Yours are not meere Humours, *gilded ſtraines;*
The Faſhion-loſt, Your maſſy Senſe *remaines.*
Some thinke Your Wit's of two Complexions fram'd,
That One the Sock, *th' Other the* Buskin *claim'd;*
That ſhould the Stage embattaile *all its Force,*
FLETCHER *would lead the foot,* BEAUMONT *the horſe.*
But, you were Both for Both; not Semi-wits,
Each Piece is wholly Two, yet never ſplits:
Y'are not Two Faculties *(and one* Soule *ſtill)*
He th' Underſtanding, *Thou the quick free* Will;
But, as two Voices *in one Song embrace,* (Baſe)
(FLETCHER'S *keen* Trebble, *and deep* BEAUMONTS

Two

Two, full, Congeniall Soules; ſtill both poevail'd;
His Muſe and Thine were Quarter'd, *not* Impal'd:
Both brought Your Ingots, Both toyl'd at the Mint,
Beat, melted, ſifted, till no droſſe ſtuck in't;
Then in each Others ſcales weigh'd every graine;
Then ſmooth'd and burniſh'd, then weigh'd all againe;
Stampt Both your Names upon't at one bold Hit,
*Then, then 'twas Coyne, as well as Bullion-*Wit.

Thus Twinns: But as when Fate one Eye deprives,
That other ſtrives to double which ſurvives:
So BEAUMONT *dy'd: yet left in Legacy*
His Rules, and Standard-wit (FLETCHER) *to Thee.*
Still the ſame Planet, though not fill'd ſo ſoon,
A Two-horn'd Creſcent *then, now one* Full-Moon.
Joynt Love *before, now* Honour *doth provoke;*
*So the old Twin-*Giants *forcing a huge Oake,*
One ſlipp'd his footing, th' other ſees him fall,
Graſp'd the whole Tree, and ſingle held up all.
Imperiall FLETCHER! *here begins thy Raign,*
Scenes flow like Sun-beames from thy glorious Brain;
Thy ſwift diſpatching Soule no more doth ſtay,
Than he that built two Cities in one day;
Ever brim-full, and ſometimes running o're,
To feed poore languid Wits that waite at doore;
Who creep, and creep, yet ne're above-ground ſtood,
(For Creatures have moſt Feet which have leaſt Blood)
But thou art ſtill that Bird of Paradiſe
Which hath no feet, *and ever nobly* flies:
Rich, luſty Sence, ſuch as the Poet *ought;*
For Poems, *if not Excellent, are Naught;*
Low wit in Scenes, in ſtate a Peaſant goes;
If meane and flat, let it foot Yeoman Proſe,

That ſuch may ſpell as are not Readers grown,
To whom He that writes Wit, ſhews he hath none.
Brave Shakeſpeare flow'd, yet had his Ebbings too,
Often above Himſelfe, ſometimes below;
Thou alwaies Beſt; if ought ſeem'd to decline,
'Twas the unjudging Rout's miſtake, not thine:
Thus thy faire SHEPHEARDESSE, which the bold Heap
(Falſe to Themſelves and Thee) did prize ſo cheape,
Was found (when underſtood) fit to be Crown'd,
At worſt 'twas worth Two hundred thouſand pound.
Some blaſt thy Works, leſt we ſhould track their Walke
Where they ſteale all thoſe few good things they talke;
Wit-Burglary muſt chide thoſe it feeds on,
For Plunder'd folkes ought to be rail'd upon;
But (as ſtoln goods go off at halfe their worth)
Thy ſtrong Sence pall's when they purloine it forth.
When did'ſt Thou borrow? where's the man e're read,
Ought begg'd by Thee from thoſe Alive or Dead?
Or from dry Goddeſſes, as ſome who when
They ſtuffe their page with Gods, write worſe than Men.
Thou was't thine own Muſe, and hadſt ſuch vaſt odds,
Thou out-writ'ſt him whoſe verſe made all thoſe Gods:
Surpaſſing thoſe our Dwarfiſh Age upreares,
As much as Greeks or Latines thee in yeares:
The Ocean Fancy knew nor Bankes nor Damms,
We ebbe down dry to pebble-Anagrams;
Dead and inſipid, all deſpairing ſit,
Loſt to behold this great Relapſe of Wit:
What ſtrength remaines, is like that (wild and fierce)
Till Johnſon made good Poets and right Verſe.
Such boyſ'rous Trifles Thy Muſe would not brooke,
Save when ſhe'd ſhew how ſcurvily they looke;
No ſavage Metaphers (things rudely Great)
Thou doſt diſplay, nor butcher a Conceit;

Thy

Thy Nerves have Beauty, *which Invades and Charmes;*
Looks like a Princesse harnes's'd in bright Armes.
Nor art Thou Loud and Cloudy; those that do
Thunder so much, do't without Lightning too;
Tearing themselves, and almost split their braine
To render harsh what thou speak'st free and cleane;
Such gloomy Sense may passe for High *and* Proud,
But true-born Wit still flies above *the* Cloud;
Thou knewst 'twas Impotence *what they call* Height;
Who blusters strong i'th' Darke, but creeps *i'th' Light.*
And as thy thoughts were cleare, *so,* Innocent;
Thy Phancy gave no unswept Language vent;
Slaunder'st not Laws, *prophan'st no* holy Page,
(*As if thy Fathers* Crosier *aw'd the Stage;*)
High Crimes were still arraign'd, though they made shift
To prosper out foure Acts, *were plagu'd i'th' fift:*
All's safe and wise; no stiffe-affected Scene,
Nor swoln, *nor* flat, *a True Full Naturall veine;*
Thy Sence (like well-dress't Ladies) cloath'd as skinn'd,
Not all unlac'd, nor City-startcht and pinn'd;
Thou hadst no Sloath, no rage, no Sullen Fit,
But Strength *and* Mirth, FLETCHER'S *a* Sanguin *Wit.*

Thus, two great Consul-*Poets all things sway'd,*
Till all was English *Berne, or* English *Made:*
Miter *and* Coyfe *here into One Piece spun,*
BEAUMONT *a* Judge's, *This a* Prelat's *Son.*
What strange Production is at last displaid,
(*Got by Two Fathers, without Female aide*)
Behold, two Masculines *espous'd each other,*
Wit *and the World were born without a* Mother.

I. BERKENHEAD.

Salmacis & Hermaphroditus:
OR
The Hermaphrodite.

MY wanton lines do treat of Amorous love,
Such as would bow the hearts of Gods above.
Thou *Venus* our great Citherean Queene,
That hourely trip'st on the Idalian greene;
Thou laughing *Ericina* daigne to see
These verses wholly consecrate to thee:
Temper them so within thy Paphian shrine,
That every lovers eye may melt a line;
Command the god of love, that little king,
To give each verse a sleight touch with his wing;
That as I write, one line may draw the other,
And every word skip nimbly o're another.
There was a lovely Boy the Nymphs had kept,
That on th'Idalian Mountaines oft had slept,
Begot and born by pow'rs that dwelt above,
By learned *Mercury* on the Queen of love.
A face he had that shew'd his Parents fame,
And from them both conjoyn'd he drew his name;
So wondrous faire he was, that (as they say)
Diana being hunting on a day,

She ſaw the Boy upon a green banke lay him,
And there the virgin huntreſſe meant to ſlay him;
Becauſe no Nimphs would now purſue the chace,
For all were ſtruck blind with the wantons face.
But when that beauteous face *Diana* ſaw,
Her armes were nummed, and ſhe could not draw,
Yet did ſhe ſtrive to ſhoot, but all in vaine,
She bent her bow, but loos'd it ſtraight againe:
Then ſhe began to chide her wanton eye,
And faine would ſhoot, but durſt not ſee him dye:
She turn'd and ſhot, but did of purpoſe miſſe him,
She turn'd againe and could not chooſe but kiſſe him;
Then the Boy ran: for ſome ſay had he ſtaid,
Diana had no longer been a maid:
Phœbus ſo doted on this roſiat face,
That he hath oft ſtoln cloſly from his place,
When he did lie by faire *Leucothoes* ſide,
To dally with him in the vales of Ide.
And ever ſince this lovely boy did dye,
Phœbus each day about the world doth flye,
And on the earth he ſeeks him all the day,
And every night he ſeeks him in the ſea:
His cheeks were ſanguine, and his lips were red,
As are the bluſhing leaves of the Roſe ſpread;
And I have heard that till this Boy was born,
Roſes grew white upon the virgine thorn;
'Till one day walking to a pleaſant ſpring,
To heare how cunningly the birds could ſing,
Laying him down upon a flowry bed,
The Roſes bluſh't and turn'd themſelves to red:
The roſe that bluſh't, not for his great offence,
The gods did puniſh, and for's impudence
They gave this doome, and 'twas agreed by all,
The ſmell of the white roſe ſhould be but ſmall.

His haire was bushie, but it was not long,
The Nimphs had done his tresses mighty wrong;
For as it grew they pull'd away his haire,
And made habiliments of gold to weare:
His eyes were *Cupids*, for untill his birth
Cupid had eyes, and liv'd upon the earth;
Till on a day when the great Queen of love
Was by her white doves drawn from heaven above,
Unto the top of the Idalian hill,
To see how well the Nymphs her charge fulfill,
And whether they had done the goddesse right
In nursing of her sweet *Hermaphrodite*;
Whom when she saw, (although compleat and full)
Yet she complain'd his eyes were somewhat dull:
And therefore more the wanton boy to grace,
She pull'd the sparkling eyes from *Cupid's* face,
Faining a cause to take away his sight,
Because the Ape would sometimes shoot for spight:
But *Venus* set those eyes in such a place,
As grac'd those cleare eyes with a clearer face;
For his white hand each goddesse did him woo,
For it was whiter than the driven snow;
His leg was straighter than the thigh of *Jove*,
And he far fairer than the god of love.
When first this well shap'd boy, beautie's chiefe king,
Had seen the labour of the fifteenth spring,
How curiously it painted all the earth,
He'gan to travell from his place of birth,
Leaving the stately hils where he was nurst,
And where the Nymphs had brought him up at first;
He lov'd to travell unto coasts unknown,
To see the Regions far beyond his own,
Seeking cleare watry springs to bath him in,
For he did love to wash his Ivory skin.

The lovely Nymphs have oft times seen him swim,
And closely stoln his cloaths from off the brim,
Because the wanton wenches would so faine
See him come nak'd to aske his cloaths againe;
He lov'd besides to see the Lician grounds,
And know the wealthy Carians utmost bounds.
Using to travell thus, one day he found
A Christall brook that tril'd along the ground;
A brook that in reflection did surpasse
The cleare reflection of the cleerest glasse;
About the side there grew no soggy reeds,
Nor was the front compast with barren weeds,
But living turfe grew all along the side,
And grasse that ever flourish'd in his pride;
Within this brook a beautious Nymph did dwell,
Who for her comely feature did excell;
So faire she was, of such a pleasing grace,
So straight a body, and so sweet a face,
So soft a belly, such a lusty thigh,
So large a forehead, such a cristall eye,
So soft and moist a hand, so smooth a brest,
So faire a cheek, so well in all the rest:
That *Jupiter* would revell in her bower
Were he to spend again his golden shower.
Her teeth were whiter than the Morning-milk,
Her lips were softer than the softest silk,
Her haire as far surpast the burnish'd gold,
As silver doth excell the baseſt mold;
Jove courted her for her transluent eye,
And told her he would place her in the skie;
Promising her if she would be his love,
He would ingrave her in the heavens above:
Telling this lovely Nymph, that if he would,
He could deceive her in a shower of gold;

Or like a ſwan come to her naked bed,
And ſo deceive her of her Maidenhead.
But yet becauſe he thought that pleaſure beſt
Where each conſenting joines each loving breſt,
He would put off that all commanding crowne,
Whoſe terrour ſtroke th' aſpiring Giants down;
That glitt'ring crown whoſe radiant ſight did toſſe
Great *Pelion* from the top of mighty Oſſe:
He would depoſe from his world-ſwaying head
To taſte the amarous pleaſure of her bed;
This added, he beſides the more to grace her,
Like a bright ſtar he would in heaven's vault place her.
By this the proud laſcivious Nymph was mov'd,
Perceiving that by great *Iove* ſhe was lov'd:
And hoping as a ſtar ſhe ſhould e're long
Be ſtern or gracious to the ſea-man's ſong,
(For mortals ſtill are ſubject to the eye,
And what it ſees they ſtrive to get as high)
She was contented that almighty *Iove*
Should have the firſt and beſt fruits of her love;
For women may be likned to the yeare,
Whoſe firſt fruits ſtill do make the daintieſt cheare.
But yet *Aſtræa* firſt ſhould plight her troath,
For the performance of *Ioves* ſacred oath;
Juſt times decline, and all good daies are dead,
When heavenly oaths had need be warranted.
This heard great *Iupiter* and lik'd it well,
And haſtily he ſeeks *Aſtræas* cell,
About the maſſie earth ſearching her tower;
But ſhe had long ſince left this earthly bower,
And flew to heaven above, loathing to ſee
The ſinfull actions of humanity:
Which when *Iove* did perceive, he left the earth,
And flew up to the place of his own birth;

The burning heavenly throne, where he did spy
Astraas pallace in the glittering sky.
This stately tower was builded up on high,
Far from the reach of any mortall eye;
And from the Pallace side there did distill
A little water through a little quill,
The dew of justice which did seldom fall,
And when it dropt, the drops were very small:
Glad was great *Iove*, when he beheld her tower,
Meaning a while to rest him in her bower;
And therefore sought to enter at her doore,
But there was such a busie rout before;
(Some serving-men, and some promooters be,)
That he could passe no foot without a fee:
But as he goes he reaches out his hands,
And paies each one in order as he stands,
And still as he was paying those before,
Some slipt again betwixt him and the doore;
At length (with much adoe) he past them all,
And entring straight into a spatious hall,
Full of darke angles and of hidden waies,
Crooked Meanders, infinite delaies,
All which delaies and entries he must passe
E're he could come where just *Astræa* was:
All these being past by his immortall wit,
Without her doore he saw a Porter sit,
An aged man that long time there had been,
Who us'd to search all those that entred in,
And still to every one he gave this curse,
None must see justice but with empty purse.
This man searcht *Iove* for his own private gaine,
To have the money which did yet remaine,
Which was but small, for much was spent before
On the tumultuous rout that kept the doore;

When

When he had done he brought him to the place
Where he might ſee divine *Aſtræa's* face,
There the great king of gods and men in went,
And ſaw his daughter *Venus* there lament,
And crying loud for juſtice, whom *Jove* found
Kneeling before *Aſtræa* on the ground,
And ſtill ſhe cried and beg'd for a juſt doome
Againſt black *Vulcan*, that unſeemely groome,
Whom ſhe had choſen for her only love,
Though ſhe was daughter to great thundring *Jove*;
And though the faireſt goddeſſe, yet content
To marry him though weake and impotent:
But for all this they alwaies were at ſtrife,
For evermore he rail'd at her his wife,
Telling her ſtill thou art no wife of mine,
Anothers Strumpet, *Mars* his concubine.
By this *Aſtræa* ſpy'd almighty *Jove*,
And bow'd her finger to the Queene of love,
To ceaſe her ſuit which ſhe would heare anon,
When the great King of all the world was gone;
Then ſhe deſcended from her ſtately throne,
Which ſeat was builded all of Jaſper ſtone,
And o're the ſeat was painted all above
The wanton unſeene ſtealths of amorous *Jove*.
There might a man behold the naked pride
Of lovely *Venus* in the Vale of Ide,
When *Pallas* and *Joves* beauteous wife and ſhe
Strove for the priſe of beauties rarity,
And there lame *Vulcan* and his Cyclops ſtrove
To make the thunderbolt for mighty *Jove*;
From this ſame ſtately throne ſhe down deſcended,
And ſaid the griefes of *Jove* ſhould be amended,
Asking the King of gods what luckleſſe cauſe,
What great contempt of ſtate, what breach of laws,

(For ſure ſhe thought ſome uncouth cauſe befell
That made him viſite poore *Aſtræa's* cell)
Troubled his thoughts, and if ſhe might decide it
Who vext great *Jove* full dearely ſhould abide it:
Jove only thank'd her, and began to ſhow
His cauſe of comming, (for each one doth know
The longing words of lovers are not many
If they deſire to be enjoy'd of any.)
Telling *Aſtræa*, it would now befall
That ſhe might make him bleſt that bleſſeth all:
For as he walk'd upon the flowry earth,
To which his own hands whilome gave a birth,
To ſee how ſtreight he held it, and how juſt
He rul'd this maſſie pondrous heap of duſt:
He laid him down by a coole rivers ſide,
Whoſe pleaſant water did ſo gently ſlide,
With ſuch ſoft whiſpering, for the brooke was deep,
That it had lull'd him in a heavenly ſleep.
When firſt he laid him down there was none neere him,
(For he did call before, but none could heare him,)
But a faire Nymph was bathing when he wak'd,
(Here ſight great *Iove*, and after brought forth) nak'd
He ſeeing lov'd the Nymph, yet here did reſt
Where juſt *Aſtræa* might make *Iove* be bleſt,
If ſhe would paſſe her faithfull word ſo far
As that great *Iove* ſhould make the maid a ſtar;
Aſtræa yeelded, at which *Iove* was pleas'd,
And all his longing hopes and feares were eas'd,
Iove took his leave and parted from her ſight,
Whoſe thoughts were full of lovers ſweet delight;
And ſhe aſcended to the throne above,
To heare the griefes of the great Queen of love:
But ſhe was ſatisfied, and would no more
Raile at her husband as ſhe did before;

But forth she tript apace, because she strove
With her swift feet to overtake great *Iove*;
She skipt so nimbly as she went to look him,
That at the Pallace doore she overtook him;
The way was plaine and broad as they went out,
And now they could see no tumultuous rout.
Here *Venus* fearing lest the love of *Iove*
Should make this maid be plac'd in heaven above;
Because she thought this Nymph so wondrous bright
That she would dazell her accustom'd light,
And fearing now she should not first be seen
Of all the glittering stars as she had been;
But that the wanton Nymph would every night
Be first that should salute each mortall sight,
Began to tell great *Iove* she griev'd to see
The heaven so full of his iniquity:
Complaining that each strumpet now was grac'd,
And with immortall goddesses was plac'd,
Intreating him to place in heaven no more
Each wanton strumpet, and lascivious whore.
Iove, mad with love, minded not what she said,
His thoughts were so intangled with the maid:
But furiously he to his Pallace lept,
Being minded there till morning to have slept.
For the next morne so soone as *Phœbus* raies
Should yet shine coole by reason of the seas,
And e're the parting teares of *Thetis* bed
Should be quite shak'd from off his glittering head,
Astræa promis'd to attend great *Iove*
At his own Pallace in the heavens above,
And at that Pallace she would set her hand
To what the love-sick god should her command:
But to descend to earth she did deny,
She loath'd the sight of any mortall eye,

And for the compaſſe of the earthly round
She would not ſet one foot upon the ground:
Therefore *Iove* meant to riſe but with the ſun,
Yet thought it long untill the night was done.
In the meane ſpace *Venus* was drawn along
By her white doves unto the ſweating throng
Of hammering blackſmiths at the lofty hill
Of ſtately *Ætna*, whoſe top burneth ſtill;
For at that mountaines glittering top
Her cripple husband *Vulcan* kept his ſhop;
To him ſhe went, and ſo collogues that night
With the beſt ſtraines of pleaſures ſweet delight,
That ere they parted ſhe made *Vulcan* ſweare
By dreadfull Styx, (an oath that gods do feare)
If *Iove* would make the mortall maid a ſtar,
Himſelfe ſhould frame his inſtruments of war:
He took his oath by black Cocytus lake
He never more a thunderbolt would make;
For *Venus* ſo this night his ſenſes pleas'd,
That now he thought his former griefes were eas'd,
She with her hands the blackſmiths body bound,
And with her Ivory armes ſhe twin'd him round,
And ſtill the faire Queen with a pretty grace
Diſpers'd her ſweet breath o're his ſwarthy face;
Her ſnowy armes ſo well ſhe did diſplay,
That *Vulcan* thought they melted as they lay,
Untill the morn in this delight they lay.
Then up they got and haſted faſt away
In the white Charriot of the Queen of love,
Towards the Pallace of great thundring *Iove*:
Where they did ſee divine *Aſtræa* ſtand
To paſſe her word for what *Iove* ſhould command;
In limp'd the blackſmith, after ſtept his Queen,
Whoſe light arraiment was of lovely green:

When

When they were in, *Vulcan* began to ſweare
By oaths that *Jupiter* himſelfe doth feare,
If any whore in heavens bright vault were ſeen,
To dim the ſhining of his beautious Queen,
Each mortall man ſhould the great god diſgrace,
And mock almighty *Jove* unto his face:
And Giants ſhould enforce bright heaven to fall
Ere he would frame one thunder-bolt at all;
Jove did intreat him that he would forbeare,
The more he ſpake the more did *Vulcan* ſweare.
Jove heard the words and 'gan to make his moane,
That mortall men would pluck him from his throne,
Or elſe he muſt incur this plague he ſaid,
Quite to forgo the pleaſure of the maid;
And once he thought rather than loſe thoſe bliſſes,
Her heavenly ſweets, her moſt delicious kiſſes,
Her ſoft embraces, and the amorous nights,
That he ſhould often ſpend in her delights,
He would be quite thrown down by mortall hands
From the bleſt place where his bright pallace ſtands:
But afterwards he ſaw with better ſight,
He ſhould be ſcorn'd by every mortall wight,
If he ſhould want his thunderbolts to beat
Aſpiring mortals from his glittering ſeat;
Therefore the god no more did woe or move her,
But left to ſeeke her love, though not to love her:
Yet he forgot not that he woo'd the Laſſe,
But made her twice as beautious as ſhe was,
Becauſe his wonted love he needs would ſhew.
This have I heard, but yet not thought it true;
And whether her cleare beauty was ſo bright,
That it could dazzle the immortall ſight
Of Gods, and make them for her love deſpaire,
I do not know, but ſure the maid was faire:

Yet

Yet the faire Nymph was never ſeen reſort
Unto the ſavage and the bloudy ſport
Of chaſte *Diana*, nor was ever wont
To bend a bow, nor never us'd to hunt;
Nor did ſhe ever ſtrive with pretty cunning
To overgo her fellow Nymphs in running:
For ſhe was the faire water-Nymph alone,
That unto chaſte *Diana* was unknown.
It is reported that her fellows us'd
To bid her (though the beautious Nymph refus'd)
To take a painted quiver, or a dart,
And put her lazie idleneſſe apart.
But ſhe would none but in the fountaines ſwims,
Where oft ſhe waſheth o're her ſnowy limbs;
Sometimes ſhe comb'd her ſoft diſhevell'd haire,
Which with a fillet ty'd ſhe oft did weare;
But ſometimes looſe ſhe let it hang behind,
When ſhe was pleas'd to grace the Eaſterne wind,
For up and down it would her treſſes hurle,
And as ſhe went it made her looſe haire curle:
Oft in the water did ſhe ſee her face,
And oft ſhe us'd to practice what quaint grace
Might well become her, and what comly feature
Might be beſt fitting ſo divine a creature.
Her skin was with a thin vaile over-thrown,
Through which her naked beauty clearly ſhone;
She us'd in this light raiment as ſhe was
To ſpread her body on the dewy graſſe:
Sometimes by her own fountaines as ſhe walks
She nipt the flowers from off the fertile ſtalks,
And with a garland of the ſweating vine
Sometimes ſhe doth her beautious front entwine;
But ſhe was gathering flow'rs with her white hand,
When ſhe beheld *Hermaphroditus* ſtand

By her cleare fountaine wondring at the ſight,
That there was any brooke could be ſo bright,
For this was the bright river where the boy
Did dye himſelfe, that he could not enjoy
Himſelfe in pleaſure, nor could taſte the bliſſes
Of his own melting and delicious kiſſes.
Here did ſhe ſee him, and by *Venus* law
She did deſire to have him as ſhe ſaw:
But the faire Nymph had never ſeen the place
Where the boy was, nor his inchanting face;
But but by an uncouth accident of love
Betwixt great *Phœbus* and the ſon of *Jove*,
(Light-headed *Bacchus*) for upon a day
As the boy-god was keeping on his way,
Bearing his vine-leaves and his Ivy bands
To *Naxos*, where his houſe and Temple ſtands,
He ſaw the Nymph, and ſeeing he did ſtay,
And threw his leaves and his Ivy bands away,
Thinking at firſt ſhe was of heavenly birth,
Some goddeſſe that did live upon the earth;
Virgin *Diana* that ſo lovely ſhone
When ſhe did court her ſweet *Endimion*;
But he a god, at laſt did plainly ſee
She had no marke of Immortality:
Unto the Nymph went the young god of wine,
Whoſe head was chaf'd ſo with the bleeding vine,
That now, or feare, or terrour had he none,
But 'gan to court her as ſhe ſat alone;
Fairer than faireſt (thus began his ſpeech)
Would but your radiant eye pleaſe to enrich
My eye with looking, or one glance to give
Whereby my other parts may feed and live,
Or with one ſight my ſenſes to enſpire,
Far livelier than the ſtoln Promothean fire;

Then might I live, then by the ſunny light
That ſhould proceed from thy chiefe radiant ſight
I might ſurvive to ages, but that miſſing,
(At that ſame word he would have fain been kiſſing)
I pine (fair Nymph.) O never let me dye
For one poore glance from thy tranſlucent eye,
Far more tranſparent than the cleareſt brooke;
The Nymph was taken with his golden hook,
Yet ſhe turn'd back and would have tript away,
But *Bacchus* forc'd the lovely maid to ſtay,
Asking her why ſhe ſtrugled to be gone,
Why ſuch a Nymph ſhould wiſh to live alone;
Heaven never made her faire that ſhe ſhould vaunt
She kept all beauty, yet would never grant
She ſhould be borne ſo beatious from her mother,
But to reflect her beauty on another:
Then with a ſweet kiſſe caſt thy beames on me,
And I'le reflect them back againe on thee.
At *Naxos* ſtands my Temple and my ſhrine,
Where I do preſſe the luſty ſwelling Vine;
There with green Ivy ſhall thy head be bound,
And with the red grape be incircled round;
There ſhall *Silenus* ſing unto thy praiſe
His drunken reeling ſongs and tipling laies.
Come hither gentle Nymph: here bluſht the maid,
And faine ſhe would have gone, but yet ſhe ſtaid.
Bacchus perceiv'd he had o'recome the Laſſe,
And down he throws her in the dewy graſſe,
And kiſt the helpleſſe Nymph upon the ground,
And would have ſtrai'd beyond that lawfull bound.
This ſaw bright *Phœbus*, for his glittering eye
Sees all that lies below the ſtarry ſky:
And for an old affection that he bore
Unto this lovely Nymph long time before,

(For he would oft times in his circle ſtand,
And ſport himſelfe upon her ſnowy hand:)
He kept her from the ſweets of *Bacchus* bed,
And 'gainſt her will he ſav'd her maiden-head.
Bacchus perceiving this apace, did hie
Unto the Paliace of ſwift *Mercury*;
But he did find him far below his birth,
Drinking with theeves and Catchpoles on the earth,
And they were parting what they ſtole to day,
In conſultation for to morrows prey;
To him went youthfull *Bacchus*, and begun
To ſhew his cauſe of griefe againſt the Sun,
How he bereft him of his heavenly bliſſes,
His ſweet delight, his *Nectar*-flowing kiſſes,
And other ſweeter ſweets, that he had won
But for the malice of the bright fac'd Sun;
Intreating *Mercury* by all the love
That bad him born amongſt the ſons of *Jove*,
(Of which they two were part) to ſtand his friend
Againſt the God that did him ſo offend;
The quaint tongu'd iſſue of great *Atlas* race,
Swift *Mercurie*, that with delightfull grace,
And pleaſing accents of his feigned tongue,
Hath oft reform'd a rude uncivill throng
Of *Mortals*, that great meſſenger of *Iove*,
And all the meaner gods that dwell above,
He whoſe acute wit was ſo quick and ſharp,
In the invention of the crooked Harp:
He that's ſo cunning with his jeſting ſlights
To ſteale from heavenly gods, or earthly wights,
Bearing a great hate in his grieved breaſt
Againſt that great Commander of the Weſt,
Bright fac'd *Apollo*; for upon a day
Young *Mercury* did ſteale his beaſts away;

Which the great God perceiving, ſtreight did ſhow
The piercing arrows, and the fearefull bow
That kill'd great *Pithon*, and with that did threat him,
To bring his beaſts againe, or he would beat him;
Which *Mercury* perceiving, uneſpi'd,
Did cloſely ſteale his arrows from his ſide;
For this old grudge he was the eaſier won
To help young *Bacchus* 'gainſt the fiery *Sun*:
And now the Sun was in the middle way,
And had o'recome the one halfe of the day;
Scorching ſo hot upon the reeking ſand
That lies upon the meere Ægyptian land,
That the hot people burnt even from their birth,
Do creep againe into their Mother earth:
When *Mercury* did take his powerfull wand,
His charming Caduceus in his hand,
And the thick beaver which he us'd to weare
When ought from *Jove* he to the Sun did beare,
That did protect him from the piercing light
Which did proceed from *Phœbus* glittering ſight;
Clad in theſe powerfull ornaments he flies
With out-ſtretcht wings up to the Azur skies,
Where ſeeing *Phœbus* in his orient ſhrine,
He did ſo well revenge the god of wine,
That whil'ſt the Sun wanders his Charriot reeles,
The crafty god had ſtoln away his wheeles;
Which when he did perceive he down did ſlide
(Laying his glittering Coronet aſide)
From the bright ſpangled firmament above
To ſeek the Nymph that *Bacchus* ſo did love,
And found her looking in her watry glaſs,
To ſee how cleare her radiant beauty was:
And (for he had but little time to ſtay,
Becauſe he meant to finiſh out his day)

At the firſt ſight he 'gan to make his moane,
Telling her how his fiery wheels were gone;
Promiſing her if ſhe would but obtaine
The wheeles that *Mercury* had ſtoln againe,
That he might end his day, ſhe ſhould enjoy
The heavenly ſight of the moſt beautious boy
That ever was: The Nymph was pleas'd with this,
Hoping to reape ſome unaccuſtom'd bliſſe,
By the ſweet pleaſure that ſhe ſhould enjoy
In the bleſt ſight of ſuch a melting boy.
Therefore at his requeſt ſhe did obtaine,
The burning wheels that he had loſt againe;
Which when he had receiv'd, he left the land,
And brought them thither where his coach did ſtand,
And there he ſet them on, for all this ſpace
The horſes had not ſtirr'd from out their place;
Which when he ſaw he wept, and 'gan to ſay,
Would *Mercury* had ſtoln my wheels away,
When *Phaeton*, my haire-brain'd iſſue, try'd
What a laborious thing it was to guide
My burning Chariot, then he might have pleas'd me,
And of a Fathers griefe he might have eas'd me:
For then the ſteeds would have obey'd his will,
Or elſe at leaſt they would have reſted ſtill.
When he had done, he took his whip of ſteele,
Whoſe bitter ſmart he made his horſes feele,
For he did laſh ſo hard to end the day,
That he was quickly at the weſterne ſea.
And there with *Thetis* did he reſt a ſpace,
For he did never reſt in any place
Before that time; but ever ſince his wheels
Were ſtoln away, his burning Charriot reeles
Towards the declining of the parting day,
Therefore he lights and mends them in the ſea.

And though the Poets faine that *Jove* did make
A treble night for faire *Alcmena's* ſake,
That he might ſleep ſecurely with his love,
Yet ſure the long night was unknown to *Iove*:
But the Suns wheels one day diſordered more,
Were thrice as long a mending as before.
Now was the Sun inviron'd with the ſea,
Cooling his watry treſſes as he lay,
And in dread *Neptunes* kingdome while he ſleeps
Faire *Thetis* clips him in the watry deeps;
There Mair-maids and the Tritons of the weſt,
Straining their voices to make *Titan* reſt:
The while the black night with her pithy hand
Took juſt poſſeſſion of the ſwarthy land,
He ſpent the darkſome houres in this delight,
Giving his power up to the gladſome night;
For ne'r before he was ſo truly bleſt
To take an houre, or one poore minutes reſt.
But now the burning God this pleaſure feels
By reaſon of his newly crazed wheels;
There muſt he ſtay untill lame *Vulcan* ſend
The fiery wheeles which he had took to mend;
Now all the night the ſmith ſo hard had wrought,
That ere the Sun could wake his wheels were brought;
Titan being pleas'd with reſt and not to riſe,
And loath to open yet his ſlumbring eyes;
And yet perceiving how the longing ſight
Of mortals waited for his glittering light,
He ſent *Aurora* from him to the skye
To give a glimpſing to each mortall eye.
Aurora much aſham'd of that ſame place
That great *Apollos* light was wont to grace,
Finding no place to hide her ſhameſull head
Painted her chaſte cheeks with a bluſhing red;

Which ever ſince remain'd upon her face
In token of her new receiv'd diſgrace:
Therefore ſhe not ſo white as ſhe had been
Loathing of every Mortall to be ſeen;
No ſooner can the roſie fingred morne
Kiſſe every flower that by her dew is borne;
But from the golden window ſhe doth peep
When the moſt part of earthly creatures ſleep.
By this bright *Titan* opened had his eyes,
And 'gan to jerk his horſes through the skies,
And taking in his hand his fiery whip
He made Æous and ſwift Æthon skip
So faſt, that ſtraight he dazled had the ſight
Of faire *Aurora* glad to ſee his light;
And now the Sun in all his fiery haſte
Did call to mind his promiſe lately paſt,
And all the vows and oaths that he did paſſe
Unto faire *Salmacis* the beautious laſſe:
For he had promis'd her ſhe ſhould enjoy
So lovely, faire, and ſuch a well-ſhapt boy,
As ne're before his own all-ſeeing eye
Saw from his bright ſeat in the ſtarry skie;
Remembring this he ſent the boy that way
Where the cleare fountaine of the faire Nymph lay;
There was he come to ſeek ſome pleaſing brook,
No ſooner came he but the Nymph was ſtrook,
And though ſhe longed to embrace the boy,
Yet did the Nymph a while defer her joy,
Till ſhe had bound up her looſe flagging haire,
And well ordered the garments ſhe did weare,
Faigning her count'nance with a lovers care,
And did deſerve to be accounted faire;
When thus much ſpake ſhe while the boy abode,
O boy! more worthy to be thought a god;

Thou maieſt inhabit in the glorious place
Of Gods, or maiſt proceed from humane race;
Thou maieſt be *Cupid*, or the god of wine,
That lately woo'd me with the ſwelling Vine:
But whoſoe're thou art, O happy he
That was ſo bleſt to be a ſire to thee!
Thy happy mother is moſt bleſt of many,
Bleſſed thy ſiſters if her wombe bare any;
Both fortunate, O and thrice happy ſhe,
Whoſe too much bleſſed breſts gave ſuck to thee:
If anies wiſh with thy ſweet bed be bleſt,
O ſhe is far more happy than the reſt!
If thou haſt any, let her name be known,
Or elſe let me be ſhe, if thou haſt none.
Here did ſhe pauſe a while, and then ſhe ſaid,
Be not obdurate to a ſilly maid;
A flinty heart within a ſnowy breaſt
Is like baſe mold lock'd in a golden cheſt.
They ſay the eye's the Index of the heart,
And ſhews th' affection of each inward part:
Then love plaies lively there, the little god
Hath a cleare chriſtall pallace of abode;
O bar him not from playing in thy heart,
That ſports himſelfe upon each outward part.
Thus much ſhe ſpake, and then her tongue was huſht;
At her looſe ſpeeches *Hermaphroditus* bluſht;
He knew not what love was, yet love did ſhame him,
Making him bluſh, and yet his bluſh became him.
Then might a man his lively colour ſee,
Like the ripe apple on a ſunny tree,
Or Ivory dy'd o're with a pleaſing red,
Or like the pale morne being ſhadowed.
By this the Nymph recovered had her tongue,
That to her thinking lay in ſilence long,

And ſaid, thy cheek is mild, O be thou ſo,
Thy cheeke ſaith I, then do not anſwer no;
Thy cheek doth ſhame, then do thou ſhame ſhe ſaid,
It is a mans ſhame to deny a maid:
Thou look'ſt to ſport with *Venus* in her tower,
And be belov'd of every heavenly power;
Men are but mortals, ſo are women too,
Why ſhould your thoughts aſpire more than ours do;
For ſure they do aſpire; elſe could a youth,
Whoſe countenance is full of ſpotleſſe truth,
Be ſo relentleſſe to a virgins tongue?
Let me be woo'd by thee but halfe ſo long;
With halfe thoſe termes, do but my love require,
And I will eaſily grant thee thy deſire;
Ages are bad when men become ſo ſlow,
That poore unskilfull maids are forc'd to wooe.
Her radiant beauty, and her ſubtill art,
So deeply ſtruck *Hermaphroditus* heart,
That ſhe had won his love, but that the light
Of her tranſlucent eye did ſhine too bright,
For long he look'd upon the lovely maid,
And at the laſt *Hermaphroditus* ſaid,
How ſhould I love thee, when I do eſpie
A far more beautious Nymph hid in thy eye;
When thou doſt love let not that Nymph be nigh thee,
Nor when thou woo'ſt let that ſame Nymph be by thee:
Or quite obſcure her from thy lovers face,
Or hide her beauty in a darker place;
By this the Nymph perceiv'd he did eſpy
None but himſelfe reflected in her eye.
And for himſelfe no more ſhe meant to ſhew him,
She ſhut her eyes, and blindfold thus did wooe him:
Faire boy, think not thy beauty can diſpence
With any paine due to a bad offence;

Remember how the gods puniſht that boy,
That ſcorn'd to let a beautious Nymph enjoy
Her long wiſht pleaſure, for the peeviſh elfe
Lov'd of all others, needs would love himſelf:
So maieſt thou love perhaps; thou maieſt be bleſt
By granting to a luckleſſe Nymphs requeſt,
Then reſt a while with me amidſt theſe weeds,
The Sun that ſees all winks at lovers deeds.
Phœbus is blind when love ſports are begun,
And never ſees untill their ſports be done;
Beleeve me boy, thy bloud is very ſtaid,
That art ſo loath to kiſſe a youthfull maid:
Wert thou a maid and I a man, Ile ſhew thee
With what a manly boldneſſe I could wooe thee:
Fairer than loves *Queen* (thus I would begin)
Might not my over-boldneſſe be a ſin,
I would intreat this favour if I could
Thy roſeat cheeks a little to behold;
Then would I beg a touch, and then a kiſſe,
And then a lower, yet a higher bliſſe;
Then would I aske what *Jove* and *Leda* did,
When like a Swan the crafty god was hid;
What came he for? why did he there abide?
Surely I think he did not come to chide;
He came to ſee her face, to talke, and chat,
To touch, to kiſſe, came he for nought but that?
Yes ſomething elſe, what was it he would have?
That which all men of maidens ought to crave.
This ſaid, her eye-lids wide ſhe did diſplay,
But in this ſpace the boy was run away:
The wanton ſpeeches of the lovely laſſe
Forc'd him for ſhame to hide him in the graſſe;
When ſhe perceiv'd ſhe could not ſee him neere her,
When ſhe had call'd, and yet he would not heare her,

Look how when *Autumne* comes, a little ſpace
Paleth the red bluſh of the ſummers face,
Tearing the leaves, the ſummers covering,
Three months in weaving by the curious ſpring,
Making the graſſe his green locks go to wrack,
Tearing each ornament from off his back;
So did ſhe ſpoile the garments ſhe did weare,
Tearing whole ounces of her golden haire;
Shee thus deluded of her longed bliſſe,
With much adoe at laſt ſhe uttred this:
Why wert ſo baſhfull boy? Thou haſt no part
Shewes thee to be of ſuch a female heart:
His eye is grey, ſo is the mornings eye,
That bluſheth alwaies when the day is nigh.
Then is grey eyes the cauſe? that cannot be,
The grey ey'd morn is far more bold than he,
For with a gentle dew from heavens bright tower,
It gets the maidenhead of every flower,
I would to god he were the roſie morn,
And I a flower from out the earth new born.
His face was ſmooth, *Narciſſus* face was ſo,
And he was careleſſe of a ſad Nymphs woe.
Then that's the cauſe, and yet that cannot be,
Youthfull *Narciſſus* was more bold than he;
Becauſe he dy'd for love, though of his ſhade,
This boy nor loves himſelfe, nor yet a maid;
Beſides, his glorious eye is wondrous bright,
So is the fiery and all-ſeeing light
Of *Phœbus*, who at every mornings birth
Bluſheth for ſhame upon the ſullen earth;
Then that's the cauſe, and yet that cannot be,
The fiery Sun is far more bold than he;
He nightly kiſſeth *Thetis* in the ſea,
All know the ſtorie of *Leucothoe*.

His cheek is red, ſo is the fragrant roſe,
Whoſe ruddy cheek with over-bluſhing glowes;
Then that's the cauſe, and yet that cannot be,
Each bluſhing roſe is far more bold than he:
Whoſe boldneſſe may be plainly ſeen in this,
The ruddy roſe is not aſham'd to kiſſe;
For alwaies when the day is new begun,
The ſpreading roſe will kiſſe the morning ſun.
This ſaid, hid in the graſſe ſhe did eſpy him,
And ſtumbling with her will ſhe fell down by him,
And with her wanton talke, becauſe he woo'd not,
Beg'd that which he, poore novice, underſtood not.
And (for ſhe could not get a greater bliſſe)
She did intreat at leaſt a ſiſters kiſſe;
But ſtill the more ſhe did the boy beſeech,
The more he powted at her wanton ſpeech.
At laſt the Nymph began to touch his skin,
Whiter than Mountain ſnow hath ever been,
And did in pureneſſe that cleare ſpring ſurpaſſe,
Wherein *Acteon* ſaw th' Arcadian laſſe.
Thus did ſhe dally long, till at the laſt
In her white Palm ſhe lockt his white hand faſt;
Then in her hands his wriſt ſhe 'gan to cloſe,
When through his puiſes ſtraight his warme bloud glows,
Whoſe youthfull Muſick faining *Cupids* fire,
In her warme breſt kindled a freſh deſire;
Then did ſhe lift her hand unto his breſt,
A part as white and youthfull as the reſt,
Where as his flowry breath ſtill comes and goes,
She felt his gentle heart pant through his cloaths;
At laſt ſhe took her hand from off that part,
And ſaid it panted like another heart,
Why ſhould it be more feeble, and leſſe bold?
Why ſhould the bloud about it be more cold?

Nay

Nay ſure that yields, only thy tongue denies,
And the true fancy of thy heart belies.
Then did ſhe lift her hand unto his chin,
And prais'd the pretty dimpling of his skin.
But ſtraight his chin ſhe 'gan to overſlip
When ſhe beheld the redneſſe of his lip;
And ſaid, thy lips are ſoft, preſſe them to mine,
And thou ſhalt ſee they are as ſoft as thine.
Then would ſhe faine have gone unto his eye,
But ſtill his ruddy lip ſtanding ſo nigh
Drew her hand back, therefore his eye ſhe miſt,
'Ginning to claſpe his neck, and would have kiſt:
But then the boy did ſtruggle to be gone,
Vowing to leave her in that place alone;
But the bright *Salmacis* began to feare,
And ſaid faire ſtranger I will leave thee here,
And theſe pleaſant places all alone,
So turning back ſhe fained to be gone:
But from his ſight ſhe had no power to paſſe,
Therefore ſhe turn'd and hid her in the graſſe,
When to the ground bending her ſnow-white knee,
The glad earth gave new coats to every tree.
He then ſuppoſing he was all alone,
Like a young boy that is eſpy'd of none,
Runs here and there, then on the banks doth look,
Then on the Chriſtall current of the brook,
Then with his feet he toucht the ſilver ſtreames,
Whoſe drowzie waves made muſick in their dreames;
And, for he was not wholly in, did weep,
Talking aloud, and babling in their ſleep,
Whoſe pleaſant coolneſſe when the boy did feele,
He thruſt his foot down lower to the heele,
O'recome with whoſe ſweet noiſe he did begin
To ſtrip his ſoft cloaths from his tender skin,

When

When ſtreight the ſcorching Sun wept teares of brine,
(Becauſe he durſt not touch him with his ſhine)
For feare of ſpoiling that ſame Ivory skin
Whoſe whiteneſſe he ſo much delighted in;
And then the Moon mother of mortall eaſe
Would faine have come from the Antipodes
To have beheld him naked as he ſtood
Ready to leap into the ſilver floud,
But might not, for the laws of heaven deny
To ſhew mens ſecrets to a womans eye,
And therefore was her ſad and gloomy light
Confin'd unto the ſecret keeping night.
When beautious *Salmacis* a while had gaz'd
Upon his naked corps, ſhe ſtood amaz'd,
And both her ſparkling eyes burnt in her face
Like the bright Sun reflected in a glaſſe:
Scarce can ſhe ſtay from running to the Boy,
Scarce can ſhe now deter her hoped joy:
So faſt her youthfull bloud plaies in her veines,
That almoſt mad, ſhe ſcarce her ſelfe containes;
When young *Hermaphroditus* as he ſtands
Clapping his white ſide with his hollow hands,
Leapt lively from the land whereon he ſtood
Into the maine part of the Chriſtall floud;
Like Ivory then his ſnowy body was,
Or a white Lilly in a Chriſtall glaſſe;
Then roſe the Water-Nymph from where ſhe lay,
As having won the glory of the day,
And her light garments caſt from off her skin,
He's mine ſhe cry'd, and ſo leapt ſprightly in;
The flatt'ring Ivy who did ever ſee
Inclaſp'd the huge trunke of an aged tree,
Let him behold the young boy as he ſtands
Inclaſpt in wanton *Salmacis* pure hands;

Betwixt

Betwixt thoſe Ivory armes ſhe lockt him faſt,
Striving to get away, till at the laſt,
Fondling ſhe ſaid, why ſtriv'ſt thou to be gone?
Why ſhouldſt thou ſo deſire to be alone?
Thy cheeke is never faire when none is by,
For what is red and white but to the eye;
And for that cauſe the heavens are dark at night,
Becauſe all creatures cloſe their weary ſight:
For there's no mortall can ſo early riſe
But ſtill the morning waits upon his eyes;
The early riſing and ſoon ſinging Lark
Can never chant her ſweet notes in the dark,
For ſleep ſhe ne'r ſo little or ſo long
Yet ſtill the morning will attend her ſong.
All creatures that beneath bright *Cinthia* be
Have appetite unto ſociety;
The overflowing waves would have a bound
Within the confines of the ſpacious ground,
And all their ſhady currents would be plac'd
In hollow of the ſollitary vaſte:
But that they loath to let their ſoft ſtreams ſing
Where none can heare their gentle murmuring;
Yet ſtill the boy regardleſſe what ſhe ſaid,
Strugled apace to overſwim the maid.
Which when the Nymph perceiv'd ſhe 'gan to ſay,
Struggle thou maieſt, but never get away;
So grant, juſt gods, that never day may ſee
The ſeparation 'twixt this boy and me.
The gods did heare her prayer, and feele her woe,
And in one body they began to grow:
She felt his youthfull bloud in every veine,
And he felt hers warm his cold breaſt againe;
And ever ſince was womans love ſo bleſt,
That it will draw bloud from the ſtrongeſt breaſt.

Nor

Nor man, nor maid, now could they be eſteem'd,
Neither and either might they well be deem'd;
When the young boy *Hermaphroditus* ſaid
With the ſet voice of neither man nor maid,
Swift *Mercury*, thou Author of my life,
And thou my mother, *Vulcans* lovely wife,
Let your poore off-ſprings lateſt breath be bleſt
In but obtaining this his laſt requeſt:
Grant that whoe're, heated by *Phœbus* beams,
Shall come to coole him in theſe ſilver ſtreams,
May never more a manly ſhape retaine,
But halfe a virgin may returne againe.
His parents harkned to his laſt requeſt,
And with that great power they the fountaine bleſt;
And ſince that time who in that fountaine ſwims
A maiden ſmoothnes ſeizeth halfe his limbs.

THE

THE REMEDIE OF LOVE.

WHen *Cupid* read this Title, straight he said,
Wars, I perceive, against me will be made:
But spare (oh Love) to tax thy Poet so,
Who oft hath born thy Ensign 'gainst thy fo;
I am not he by whom thy Mother bled,
When she to heaven on *Mars* his horses fled.
I oft, like other Youths, thy flame did prove,
And if thou aske, what I do still; I Love.
Nay I have taught by Art to keep loves course,
And made that reason which before was force.
I seek not to betray thee pretty boy,
Nor what I once have written to destroy.
If any love, and find his Mistris kind,
Let him go on and saile with his own wind;
But he that by his Love is discontented,
To save his life my Verses were invented;

Why

Why ſhould a Lover kill himſelfe? or why
Should any, with his own griefe wounded, die?
Thou art a boy, to play becomes thee ſtill,
Thy reign is ſoft, play then, and do not kill;
Or if thou'lt needs be vexing, then do this,
Make Lovers meet by ſtealth, and ſteale a kiſſe:
Make them to feare, leaſt any over-watch them,
And tremble when they thinke ſome come to catch them:
And with thoſe teares that Lovers ſhed all night
Be thou content, but do not kill out-right.
Love heard, and up his ſilver wings did heave,
And ſaid. Write on, I freely give thee leave.
Come then all ye deſpis'd that Love endure,
I that have felt the wounds your Love will cure;
But come at firſt, for if you make delay
Your ſickneſſe will grow mortall by your ſtay;
The Tree, which by delay is grown ſo big,
In the beginning was a tender twig.
That which at firſt was but a ſpan in length,
Will, by delay, be rooted paſt mans ſtrength.
Reſiſt beginnings, med'cines bring no curing
Where ſickneſſe is grown ſtrong by long enduring.
When firſt thou ſeeſt a Laſſe that likes thine eye,
Bend all thy preſent powers to deſcry
Whether her eye or carriage firſt would ſhew
It ſhe be fit for Loves delights, or no;
Some will be eaſie, ſuch an one elect;
But ſhe that beares too grave and ſterne aſpect
Take heed of her, and make her not thy Jewell,
Either ſhe cannot Love, or will be cruell.
If love aſſaile thee there, betime take heed,
Thoſe wounds are dangerous that inward bleed;
He that to day cannot ſhake off Loves ſorrow,
Will certainly be more unapt to morrow.

Love hath ſo eloquent and quick a tongue
That he will lead thee all thy life along;
And on a ſudden claſpe thee in a yoke
Where thou muſt either draw, or ſtriving choak.
Strive then betimes, for at the firſt one hand
May ſtop a water drill that weares the ſand,
But, if delayed, it breakes into a floud,
Mountaines will hardly make the paſſage good;
But I am out: for now I do begin
To keep them off, not heale thoſe that are in.
Firſt therefore (Lovers) I intend to ſhew
How love came to you, then how he may go.
You that would not know what Loves paſſions be,
Never be idle, learne that rule of me.
Eaſe makes you love, as that o'recomes your wils,
Eaſe is the food and cauſe of all your ills.
Turne eaſe and idleneſſe but out of doore,
Loves darts are broke, his flame can burne no more.
As reeds and Willows loves the Waters ſide,
So Love loves with the idle to abide.
If then at liberty you faine would be,
Love yeelds to labour, Labour and be free.
Long ſleeps ſoft beds, rich vintage, and high feeding,
Nothing to do, and pleaſure of exceeding
Dulls all our ſenſes, makes our vertue ſtupid,
And then creeps in that crafty villaine *Cupid*.
That boy loves eaſe alife, hates ſuch as ſtir,
Therefore thy mind to better things prefer.
Behold thy Countries enemies in Armes,
At home love gripes thy heart in his ſlie charmes,
Then riſe and put on armour, caſt off ſloath,
Thy labour may at once o'recome them both.
If this ſeem hard, and too unpleaſant, then
Behold the Law ſet forth by God and men,

Sit down and ſtudy that, that thou maieſt know
The way to guide thy ſelfe, and others ſhow.
Or if thou lov'ſt not to be ſhut up ſo,
Learne to aſſaile the Deere with truſty bow, (ring,
That through the Woods thy well-mouth'd hounds may
Whoſe Eccho better joyes, than Love, will ſing.
There maieſt thou chance to bring thy love to end,
Diana unto *Venus* is no friend.
The Country will afford thee meanes enough;
Sometimes diſdaine not to direct the Plough;
To follow through the fields the bleating Lambe,
That mournes to miſſe the comfort of his Dam.
Aſſiſt the harveſt, help to prune the Trees;
Graft, plant, and ſow, no kind of labour leeſe.
Set nets for birds, with hook'd lines bait for fiſh,
Which will imploy thy mind and fill thy diſh;
That being weary with theſe paines, at night
Sound ſleeps may put the thoughts of Love to flight.
With ſuch delights, or labours, as are theſe,
Forget to love, and learne thy ſelfe to pleaſe.
But chiefly learne this leſſon for my ſake,
Fly from her far, ſome journey undertake,
I know thou'lt grieve, and that her name once told
Will be enough thy journey to with-hold:
But when thou find'ſt thy ſelfe moſt bent to ſtay,
Compell thy feet to run with thee away.
Nor do thou wiſh that raine or ſtormy weather
May ſtay your ſteps, and bring you back together;
Count not the miles you paſſe, nor doubt the way,
Leſt thoſe reſpects ſhould turne you back to ſtay.
Tell not the clock, nor look not once behind,
But flie like Lightning, or the Northerne wind;
For where we are too much o'rematcht in might,
There is no way for ſafeguard, but by flight.

But some will count my Lines too hard and bitter,
I must confesse them hard; but yet 'tis better
To fast a while that health may be provoked,
Than feed at plenteous tables and be choaked.
To cure the wretched body, I am sure,
Both Fire and Steele thou gladly wilt endure:
Wilt thou not then take paines by any Art
To cure thy Mind, which is thy better part?
The hardnesse is at first, and that once past,
Pleasant and easie waies will come at last.
I do not bid thee strive with Witches Charmes,
Or such unholy acts, to cease thy harms:
Ceres her selfe, who all these things did know,
Had never power to cure her own Love so:
No, take this Medicine (which of all is sure,)
Labour and Absence is the only Cure.
But if the Fates compell thee, in such fashion,
That thou must needs live neere her habitation,
And canst not flie her sight, learne here of me,
That thou would'st faine, and canst not yet be free.
Set all thy Mistris faults before thine eyes,
And all thy own disgraces well advise;
Say to thy selfe, that she is covetous,
Hath ta'ne my gifts, and us'd me thus, and thus;
Thus hath she sworne to me, and thus deceived;
Thus have I hope, and thus have been bereaved.
With love she feeds my Rivall, while I starve,
And poures on him kisses, which I deserve:
She follows him with smiles, and gives to me
Sad looks, no Lovers, but a strangers fee.
All those embraces I so oft desired,
To him she offers daily unrequired;
Whose whole desert, and halfe mine weigh'd together,
Would make mine Lead, and his seem Corke and Feather,

Then let her go, and ſince ſhe proves ſo hard,
Regard thy ſelfe, and give her no regard.
Thus muſt thou ſchoole thy ſelfe, and I could wiſh
Thee to thy ſelfe moſt eloquent in this.
But put on griefe enough and do not feare,
Griefe will enforce thy eloquence t'appeare.
Thus I my ſelfe the love did once expell
Of one whoſe Coyneſſe vex'd my ſoule like hell.
I muſt confeſſe ſhe touch'd me to the quick,
And I, that am Phyſitian, then was ſick.
But this I found to profit, I did ſtill
Ruinate what I thought in her was ill;
And, for to cure my ſelfe, I found a way,
Some honeſt ſlanders on her for to lay:
Quoth I, how lamely doth my Miſtris go!
(Although, I muſt confeſſe, it was not ſo;)
I ſaid, her armes were crooked, fingers bent,
Her ſhoulders bow'd, her legs conſum'd and ſpent:
Her colour ſad, her neck as darke as night,
(When *Venus* might in all have tane delight,)
But yet becauſe I would no more come nigh her,
My ſelfe unto my ſelfe did thus belye her.
Do thou the like, and though ſhe faire appeare,
Thinke, vice to vertue often comes too neere;
And in that errour (though it be an errour)
Preſerve thy ſelfe from further terrour.
If ſhe be round and plumpe, ſay ſhee's too fat;
If brown, ſay black, and think who cares for that;
If ſhe be ſlender, ſweare ſhe is too leane,
That ſuch a Wench will weare a man out cleane;
If ſhe be red, ſay, ſhee's too full of bloud;
If pale, her body nor her mind is good;
If wanton, ſay, ſhe ſeeks thee to devoure;
If grave, neglect her, ſay, ſhe looks too ſowre.

Nay,

Nay, if ſhe have a fault, and thou doſt know it,
Praiſe it, that in thy preſence ſhe may ſhew it:
As if her voice be bad, crack'd in the ring,
Never give over till thou make her ſing.
If ſhe have any blemiſh in her foot,
Commend her dancing ſtill and put her to't.
If ſhe be rude in ſpeech incite her talke;
If haulting lame, provoke her much to walke.
Or if on Inſtruments ſhe have ſmall skill,
Reach down a Viall, urge her to that ſtill.
Take any way to eaſe thy own diſtreſſe,
And think thoſe faults be, which are nothing leſſe;
Then meditate beſides, what thing it is
That makes thee ſtill in Love to go amiſſe.
Adviſe thee well, for as the World now goes
Men are not caught with ſubſtance, but with ſhews;
Women are in their bodies turn'd to French
That face and body's leaſt part of a Wench.
I know a Woman hath in Love been troubled
For that which Taylors make, a fine neat Doublet.
And men are even as mad in their deſiring,
That oftentimes love Women for their tyring;
He that doth ſo, let him take this adviſe,
Let him riſe early, and not being nice,
Up to his Miſtris chamber let him hie,
E're ſhe ariſe, and there he ſhall eſpie
Such a confuſion of diſordered things,
In Bodies, Jewels, Tyres, Wyres, Lawnes, and Rings,
That ſure it cannot chooſe but much abhor him,
To ſee her lye in peeces thus before him;
And find thoſe things ſhut in a painted box
For which he loves her, and endures her mocks.
Once I my ſelfe had a great mind to ſee
What kind of things Women undreſſed be,

And found my Sweet-heart, just when I came at her,
Screwing in teeth, and dipping rags in water.
She miss'd her Perriwig, and durst not stay,
But put it on in haste the backward way;
That had I not on th' sudden chang'd my mind,
I had mistooke and kiss'd my Love behind.
So, if thou wish her faults should rid thy cares,
Watch out thy time, and take her unawares:
Or rather put the better way in proofe,
Come thou not neere, but keep thy selfe aloofe.
If all this serve not, ute one medicine more,
Seek out another Love, and her adore;
But chuse out one, in whom thou well maiest see
A heart inclin'd to love and cherish thee.
For as a River parted slower goes,
So, Love thus parted still more evenly flowes.
One Anchor will not serve a Vessell tall,
Nor is one hooke enough to fish withall,
He that can solace him, and sport with two,
May in the end triumph as others do.
Thou that to one hast shew'd thy selfe too kind,
Maiest in a second much more comfort find:
If one Love entertaine thee with despight,
The other will embrace thee with delight:
When by the former thou art made accurst,
The second will contend t' excell the first,
And strive, with love, to drive her from thy breast:
("That first to second yields, women know best.)
Or if to yeeld to either thou art loath,
This may perhaps acquit them of them both.
For what one Love makes odde, two shall make even,
Thus blows with blows, and fire by fire's out driven.
Perchance this course will turne thy first Loves heart,
And when thine is at ease cause hers to smart.

If thy Loves Rivall ſtick ſo neere thy ſide,
Thinke, women can Copartners worſe abide.
For though thy Miſtris never meane to love thee,
Yet from the others love ſhe'l ſtrive to move thee:
But let her ſtrive, ſhe oft hath vex'd thy heart,
Suffer her now to beare her ſelfe a part.
And though thy bowels burne like *Ætna's* fire,
Seeme colder far than Ice, or her deſire;
Faigne thy ſelfe free, and ſigh not over-much,
But laugh when griefe thy heart doth touch.
I do not bid thee breake through fire and flame,
Such violence in love is much too blame;
But I adviſe, that thou diſſemble deep,
And all thy paſſions in thine own breſt keep.
Faigne thy ſelfe well, and thou at laſt ſhalt ſee
Thy ſelfe as well as thou didſt faigne to be.
So have I often, when I would not drink,
Sate down as one aſleep and faign'd to wink,
Till, as I nodding ſate, and tooke no heed,
I have at laſt falne faſt aſleep indeed.
So have I oft been angry, faigning ſpight,
And counterfeiting ſmiles have laught outright.
So Love, by uſe, doth come, by uſe doth go,
And he that feignes well ſhall at length be ſo.
If e're thy Miſtris promis'd to receive thee
Into her boſome and did then deceive thee,
Locking thy Rivall in, thee out of doore,
Be not dejected, ſeeme not to deplore,
Nor when thou ſeeſt her next take notice of it,
But paſſe it over, it ſhall turne to profit:
For if ſhe ſees ſuch tricks as theſe perplex thee,
She will be proud, and take delight to vexe thee.
But if ſhe prove thee conſtant in this kind,
She will begin at length ſome ſleights to find,

How ſhe may draw thee back, and keep thee ſtill
A ſervile Captive to her fickle wil.
But now take heed here comes the proofe of men,
Be thou as conſtant as thou ſeemeſt then:
Receive no Meſſages, regard no Lines,
They are but ſnares to catch thee in her twines.
Receive no gifts, thinke all that praiſe her flatter;
Whate're ſhe writes beleeve not halfe the matter.
Converſe not with her ſervant, nor her maid,
Scarce bid good morrow leſt thou be betray'd.
When thou go'ſt by her doore never look back,
And though ſhe call do not thy journey ſlack;
If ſhe ſhould ſend her friends to talk with thee,
Suffer them not too long to walke with thee.
Do not beleeve one word they ſay is ſooth,
Nor do not aske ſo much as how ſhe doth;
Yea, though thy very heart ſhould burne to know,
Bridle thy tongue, and make thereof no ſhow;
Thy careleſſe ſilence ſhall perplex her more
Then can a thouſand ſighs ſigh'd o're and o're;
By ſaying, thou loveſt not thy loving prove not,
For he's far gone in Love that ſaies I love not:
Then hold thy peace and ſhortly Love will die,
That wound heals beſt that cures not by and by.
But ſome will ſay, alas, this rule is hard,
Muſt we not love where we find reward?
How ſhould a tender Woman beare this ſcorne
That cannot, without art, by men be borne?
Miſtake me not; I do not wiſh you ſhow
Such a contempt to them whoſe love you know:
But where a ſcornfull Laſſe makes you endure
Her ſlight regarding, there I lay my cure.
Nor think in leaving Love you wrong your Laſſe,
Who one to her content already has;

While

While ſhe doth joy in him, joy thou in any,
Thou haſt, as well as ſhe, the choice of many.
Then, for thy own contempt, defer not long,
But cure thy ſelfe and ſhe ſhall have no wrong.
Among all cures I chiefly did commend
Abſence in this to be the only friend.
And ſo it is, but I would have ye learne
The perfect uſe of Abſence to diſcerne.
Firſt then, When thou art abſent to her ſight
In ſolitarineſſe do not delight:
Be ſeldome left alone, for then I know
A thouſand vexing thoughts will come and go.
Fly lovely walkes, and uncouth places ſad,
They are the Nurſe of thoughts that make men mad.
Walk not too much where thy fond eye may ſee
The place where ſhe did give loves rights to thee:
For even the place will tell thee of thoſe joyes,
And turne thy kiſſes into ſad annoies.
Frequent not Woods and Groves, nor ſit and muſe
With armes acroſſe, as fooliſh lovers uſe:
For as thou ſitt'ſt alone thou ſoone ſhalt find
Thy Miſtris face preſented to thy mind,
As plainly to thy troubled phantaſie
As if ſhe were in preſence, and ſtood by.
This to eſchew open thy doores all day,
Shun no mans ſpeech that comes into thy way.
Admit all companies, and when there's none
Then walke thou forth thy ſelfe, and ſeek out one,
When he is found ſeeke more, laugh, drinke, and ſing;
Rather than be alone do any thing.
Or if thou be conſtrain'd to be alone,
Have not her Picture for to gaze upon:
For that's the way when thou art eas'd of paine,
To wound anew, and make thee ſick againe.

Or if thou haſt it, thinke the painters skill
Flattered her face, and that ſhe looks more ill;
And thinke, as thou doſt muſing on it ſit,
That ſhe her ſelfe is counterfeit like it.
Or rather fly all things that are inclin'd
To bring one thought of her into thy mind.
View not her tokens, nor thinke on her words,
But take ſome book, whoſe learned wombe affords
Phyſick for ſoules, there ſearch for ſome reliefe
To guile the time and rid away thy griefe.
But if thy thoughts on her muſt needs be bent,
Thinke what a deale of precious time was ſpent
In queſt of her; and that thy beſt of youth
Languiſh'd and died while ſhe was void of truth.
Thinke but how ill ſhe did deſerve affection,
And yet how long ſhe held thee in ſubjection.
Thinke how ſhe chang'd, how ill it did become her,
And thinking ſo, leave love, and flie far from her.
He that from all infection would be free,
Muſt flie the place where the infected be.
And he that would from loves affection flie,
Muſt leave his Miſtris walks and not come nigh.
"Sore eyes are got by looking on ſore eyes,
"And wounds do ſoon from new-heal'd ſcars ariſe.
As embers touch'd with ſulphurs do renew,
So will her ſight kindle freſh flames in you.
If then thou meet'ſt her ſuffer her go by thee,
And be afraid to let her come too nigh thee:
For her aſpect will raiſe deſire in thee,
And hungry men ſcarce hold from meat they ſee.
If e're ſhe ſent thee Letters, that lie by,
Peruſe them not, they'l captivate thy eye:
But lap them up and caſt them in the fire,
And wiſh, as they waſte ſo may thy deſire.

If e're thou ſent'ſt her token, gift, or letter,
Go not to fetch them back, for it is better
That ſhe detaine a little paltry pelfe,
Than thou ſhouldſt ſeeke for them and loſe thy ſelfe.
For why? her ſight will ſo enchant thy heart
That thou wilt loſe thy labour, I my Art.
But if by chance there fortune ſuch a caſe
Thou needs muſt come where ſhe ſhall be in place,
Then call to mind all parts of this diſcourſe,
For ſure thou ſhalt have need of all thy force:
Againſt thou goeſt curle not thy head and haire,
Nor care whether thy band be foule or faire;
Nor be not in ſo neat and ſpruce array
As if thou mean'ſt to make it holiday;
Neglect thy ſelfe for once, that ſhe may ſee
Her love hath now no power to worke on thee.
And if thy Rivall be in preſence too,
Seeme not to marke, but do as others do;
Salute him friendly, give him gentle words,
Returne all curteſies that he affords:
Drinke to him, carve him, give him complement,
This ſhall thy Miſtris, more than thee, torment:
For ſhe will think by this thy careleſſe ſhow
Thou car'ſt not now whether ſhe love or no.
But if thou canſt perſwade thy ſelfe indeed
She hath no Lover, but of thee hath need;
That no man loves her but thy ſelfe alone,
And that ſhe ſhall be loſt when thou art gone;
Thus ſooth thy ſelfe, and thou ſhalt ſeeme to be
In far more happy taking than is ſhe.
For if thou think'ſt ſhe's lov'd, and loves againe,
Hell fire will ſeeme more eaſie than thy paine:
But chiefly when in preſence thou ſhalt ſpie
The man ſhe moſt affecteth ſtanding by,

And see him graspe her by the tender hand,
And whispering close, or almost kissing stand;
When thou shalt doubt whether they laugh at thee,
Or whether on some meeting they agree;
If now thou canst hold out thou art a man,
And canst performe more than thy teacher can:
If then thy heart can be at ease and free,
I will give o're to teach and learne of thee.
But this way I would take among them all,
I would pick out some Lasse to talke withall,
Whose quick inventions, and whose nimble wit
Should busie mine, and keep me from my fit:
My eye with all my art should be a wooing,
No matter what I said so I were doing;
For all that while my Love should thinke at least
That I, as well as she, on Love did feast.
And though my heart were thinking of her face,
Or her unkindnesse, and my own disgrace,
Of all my present paines by her neglect,
Yet would I laugh, and seem without respect.
Perchance, in envy thou shouldst sport with any,
Her beck will single thee from forth of many:
But, if thou canst, of all that present are,
Her conference alone thou shouldst forbeare;
For if her looks so much thy mind do trouble,
Her honied speeches will distract thee double.
If she begin once to confer with thee,
Then do as I would do, be rul'd by me:
When she begins to talke imagine straight,
That now to catch thee up she lies in wait;
Then call to mind some businesse or affaire,
Whose doubtfull issue takes up all thy care;
That while such talke thy troubled fancies stirs,
Thy mind may work, and give no heed to hers.

Alas,

Alas, I know mens hearts, and that full ſoone,
By womens gentle words we are undone.
If women ſigh or weep our ſoules are griev'd,
Or if they ſweare they love they are beleev'd;
But truſt not thou to oaths if ſhe ſhould ſweare,
Nor hearty ſighs, beleeve they dwell not there.
If ſhe ſhould grieve in earneſt, or in jeſt,
Or force her arguments with ſad proteſt,
As if true ſorrow in her eye-lid ſate;
Nay, if ſhe come to weeping, truſt not that,
For know that women can both weep and ſmile
With much more danger than the Crocodile.
Thinke all ſhe doth is but to breed thy paine,
And get the power to tyrannize againe.
And ſhe will beat thy heart with trouble more
Than rocks are beat with waves upon the ſhore.
Do not complaine to her then of thy wrong,
But lock thy thoughts within thy ſilent tongue.
Tell her not why thou leav'ſt her, nor declare
(Although ſhe aske thee) what thy torments are.
Wring not her fingers, gaze not on her eye,
From thence a thouſand ſnares and arrows flye.
No, let her not perceive by ſighs or ſignes
How at her deeds thy inward ſoule repines.
Seeme careleſſe of her ſpeech, and do not harke,
Anſwer by chance as though thou didſt not marke.
And if ſhe bid thee home ſtraight promiſe not,
Or breake thy word as if thou hadſt forgot.
Seeme not to care whether thou come or no,
And if ſhe be not earneſt do not goe.
Feigne thou haſt buſineſſe, and defer the meeting,
As one that greatly car'd not for her greeting.
And as ſhe talkes caſt thou thine eyes elſewhere,
And look among the Laſſes that are there.

Com pare their ſeverall beauties to her face,
Some one or other will her forme diſgrace;
On both their faces carry ſtill thy view,
Ballance them equally in judgement true:
And when thou find'ſt the other doth excell
(Yet that thou canſt not love it halfe ſo well)
Bluſh that thy paſſions make thee dote on her
More than on thoſe thy judgement doth prefer;
When thou haſt let her ſpeake all that ſhe would
Seeme as thou haſt not one word underſtood:
And when to part with thee thou ſeeſt her bent,
Give her ſome ordinary complement,
Such as may ſeeme of courteſie, not love,
And ſo to other companie remove.
This careleſneſſe in which thou ſeem'ſt to be,
(Howe're in her) will worke this change in thee,
That thou ſhalt thinke for uſing her ſo ſlight
She cannot chuſe but turne her love to ſpight:
And if thou art perſwaded once ſhe hates,
Thou wilt beware and not come neere her baits;
But though I wiſh thee conſtantly beleeve
She hates thy ſight thy paſſions to deceive;
Yet be not thou ſo baſe to hate her too,
That which ſeems ill in her do not thou do;
'Twill indiſcretion ſeeme, and want of wit,
Where thou didſt love, to hate inſtead of it;
And thou maieſt ſhame ever to be ſo mated,
And joyn'd in love with one that ſhould be hated:
Such kind of love is fit for Clownes and Hinds,
And not for debonaire and gentle minds;
For can there be in man a madneſſe more
Than hate thoſe lips he wiſh'd to kiſſe before?
Or loath to ſee thoſe eyes, or heare that voice
Whoſe very ſound hath made his heart rejoice?

Such acts as theſe much indiſcretion ſhews,
When men from kiſſing turne to wiſh for blows:
And this their own example, ſhews ſo naught,
That when they ſhould direct they muſt be taught:
But thou wilt ſay, for all the love I beare her,
And all the ſervice, I am ne're the nearer;
And which thee moſt of all doth vexe like hell,
She loves a man ne're lov'd her halfe ſo well:
Him ſhe adores, but I muſt not come at her,
Have I not then good reaſon for to hate her?
I anſwer no, for make the caſe thine owne,
And in thy glaſſe her actions ſhall be ſhowne:
When thou thy ſelfe in love wert ſo far gone,
Say, could'ſt thou love any but her alone?
I know thou couldſt not, though with teares and cries
Theſe had made deafe thine eares, and dim thine eyes:
Would'ſt thou for this that they hate thee againe,
If ſo thou wouldſt then hate thy love againe:
Your faults are both alike; thou loveſt her,
And ſhe, in love, thy Rivall doth prefer:
If then her love to him thy hate procure,
Thou ſhouldſt for loving her like hate endure:
Then do not hate, for all the lines I write
Are not addreſs'd to turne thy love to ſpight,
But writ to draw thy doting mind from love,
That in the golden meane thy thoughts may move;
In which, when once thou find'ſt thy ſelfe at quiet,
Learne to preſerve that ſelfe with this good diet.

The Conclusion.

Sleep not too much, nor longer than asleep
Within thy bed thy lazie body keep;
For when thou warme awake shalt feele it soft
Fond cogitations will assaile thee oft:
Then start up early, study, worke, or write,
Let labour (others toyle) be thy delight.
Eate not too much for if thou much dost eat
Let it not be dainty or stirring meat:
Abstaine from Wine although thou thinke it good,
It sets thy meat on fire, and stirs thy blond;
Use thy selfe much to bath thy wanton limbs,
In coolest streams, which o're the gravell swims:
Be still in graveſt company, and flye
The wanton rabble of the younger fry,
Whose luſtfull tricks will lead thee to delight,
To thinke on love, where thou shalt periſh quit;
Come not at all where many women are,
But like a Bird that lately scap'd the snare,
Avoyd their gariſh beauty flye with speed,
And learne by her that lately made thee bleed;
Be not too much alone, but if alone
Get thee some modeſt booke to looke upon;
But do not read the lines of wanton men,
Poetry sets thy mind on fire agen:
Abstaine from Songs and Verſes, and take heed
That not a line of love thou ever read.

AN

An Elegie on the Lady
MARKHAM.

AS unthrifts groan in ſtraw for their pawn'd beds:
As women weep for their loſt Maiden-heads;
When both are without hope or remedy,
Such an untimely griefe I have for thee.
I never ſaw thy face, nor did my heart
Urge forth mine eyes unto it whilſt thou wert,
But being lifted hence, that which to thee
Was deaths ſad dart, prov'd *Cupids* ſhaft to me.
Whoever thinkes me fooliſh that the force
Of a report can make me love a Coarſe,
Know he, that when with this I do compare
The love I do a living woman beare,
I find my ſelfe moſt happy: now I know
Where I can find my Miſtris, and can go
Unto her trimm'd bed, and can lift away
Her graſſe-greene Mantle, and her ſheet diſplay,
And touch her naked; and though th' envious mould
In which ſhe lies uncovered, moiſt and cold,
Strive to corrupt her, ſhe will not abide
With any Art her blemiſhes to hide,
As many living do, and know their need,
Yet cannot they in ſweetneſs her exceed;

But

But make a ſtinke with all their art and skill,
Which their Phyſitians warrant with a bill;
Nor at her doore doth heapes of Coaches ſtay,
Foot-men and Midwives to bar up my way:
Nor needs ſhe any Maid or Page to keep,
To knock me early from my golden ſleep,
With letters that her honour all is gone,
If I not right her cauſe on ſuch a one.
Her heart is not ſo hard to make me pay
For every kiſſe a ſupper and a play:
Nor will ſhe ever open her pure lips
To utter oaths enough to drown our Ships,
To bring a plague, a famine, or the ſword,
Upon the land, though ſhe ſhould keep her word;
Yet e're an houre be paſt in ſome new vaine
Break them, and ſweare them double o're againe.
Pardon me that with thy bleſt memory
I mingle mine own former miſerie:
Yet dare I not excuſe the fate that brought
Theſe croſſes on me, for then every thought
That tended to thy love was black and foule,
Now all as pure as a new-baptiz'd ſoule:
For I proteſt, for all that I can ſee,
I would not lie one night in bed with thee;
Nor am I jealous, but could well abide
My foe to lie in quiet by thy ſide.
You Wormes (my Rivals) whil'ſt ſhe was alive,
How many thoulands were there that did ſtrive
To have your freedome? for their ſake forbeare
Unſeemly holes in her ſoft skin to weare:
But if you muſt (as what Worms can abſtaine
To taſte her tender body?) yet refraine
With your diſordered eatings to deface her,
But feed your ſelves ſo as you moſt may grace her.

First, through her ear-tips see you make a paire
Of holes, which, as the moist inclosed aire
Turnes into water, may the cleane drops take,
And in her eares a paire of jewels make.
Have ye not yet enough of that white skin,
The touch whereof, in times past, would have been
Enough t' have ransom'd many a thousand soule
Captive to Love? If not, then upward roule
Your little bodies, where I would you have
This Epitaph upon her forehead grave.

Living, she was young, faire, and full of wit;
Dead, all her faults are in her forehead writ.

AN ELEGIE.

CAn my poore lines no better office have,
But like Scriech-owls ſtill dwell about the grave?
When ſhall I take ſome pleaſure for my paine,
By praiſing them that can yeeld praiſe againe?
When ſhall my Muſe in Love-ſick lines recite
Some Ladies worth? which ſhe of whom I write,
With thankfull ſmiles, may read in her own daies;
Or, when ſhall I a breathing woman praiſe?
Never; I am ambitious in my ſtrings,
They never ſound but of eternall things,
Such as freed ſoules: but had I thought it fit
To praiſe a ſoul unto a body knit,
I would confeſſe, I ſpent my time amiſs
When I was ſlow to give due praiſe to this.
Thus when all ſleep my time is come to ſing,
And from her aſhes muſt my Poems ſpring;
Though in the race I ſee ſome ſwiftly run,
I will not crown them till the Goale be won.
They that have fought, not they that are to fight,
May claime the glorious Garland as their right.

A Charme.

SLeep old man, let ſilence charme thee,
Dreaming ſlumbers overtake thee,
Quiet thoughts and darkneſſe arme thee,
That no creaking do awake thee.

Phœbe hath put out her light,
All her ſhadows cloſing;
Phœbe lend her hornes to night
To thy heads diſpoſing.

Let no fatall Bell nor Clock
Pierce the hollow of thy eare:
Tongueleſſe be the early Cock,
Or what elſe may adde a feare.

Let no Rat, nor ſilly Mouſe,
Move the ſenſeleſſe Ruſhes,
Nor a cough diſturbe this houſe
Till *Aurora* bluſhes.

Come my ſweet *Corrinna*, come;
Laugh, and leave thy late deploring:
Sable Midnight makes all dumbe,
But thy jealous Husband's ſnoring.

And with thy ſweet perfumed kiſſes
Entertaine a ſtranger:
Loves delight, and ſweeteſt bliſſe, is
Got with greateſt danger.

On the Marriage of a Beautious young Gentlewoman with an Ancient Man.

FOndly, too curious Nature, to adorne
Aurora with the bluſhes of the Morne:
Why do her roſie lips, breath, Gums, and Spice,
Unto the Eaſt, and ſweet to Paradice?
Why do her eyes open the day? her hand,
And voice entrance the Panther, and command
Incenſed winds: her Breaſts, the tents of Love,
Smooth as the godded Swan, or *Venus* Dove;
Soft as the balmy dew, whoſe every touch
Is pregnant; but why thoſe rich ſpoiles, when ſuch
Wonder and perfection muſt be led
A Bridall Captive unto *Tithon's* bed?
Ag'd, and deform'd *Tithon*! muſt thy twine
Circle and blaſt at once what care and time
Had made for wonder? muſt pure beauty have
No other foile but ruine and a grave?
So have I ſeene the pride of Natures ſtore,
The Orient Pearle, chain'd to the ſooty Moore.
So hath the Diamonds bright ray been ſet
In night, and wed ded to the Negro-Jet.

See, see, how thick those flowers of Pearle do fall
To weep her ransome, or her funerall,
Whose every treasur'd drop, congeal'd, might bring
Freedome and Ransome to a fett'red King,
While tyrant wealth stands by, and laughs to see
How he can wed, love, and Antipathy:
Hymen, thy pine burnes with adulterate fire;
Thou and thy quiver'd boy did once conspire
To mingle equall flames, and then no shine
Of Gold, but beauty, dress'd the Paphian Shrine,
Roses and Lillies kiss'd; the Amorous Vine,
Did with the faire and straight limb'd Elme entwine.

The Glance.

COld vertue guard me, or I ſhall endure
From the next Glance a double Calenture
Of fire and luſt; two flames, two Semeleis
Dwell in thoſe eyes, whoſe looſer glowing raies
Would thaw the frozen Ruſſian into luſt,
And parch the Negroes hotter blood to duſt.
Dart not your Balls of Wild-fire here, go throw
Thoſe flakes upon the Eunuchs colder Snow,
Till he in active bloud do boile as high
As he that made him ſo in Jealouſie.
When the looſe Queene of Love did dreſſe her eyes
In the moſt taking flame to win the prize
At *Ida*; that faint glare to this deſire
Burnt like a Taper to the Zone of fire:
And could ſhe then the luſtfull youth have crown'd
With thee, his *Hellen*, *Troy* had never found
Her fate in *Simois* fire, thy hotter eyes
Had made it burne a quicker Sacrifice
To luſt, whilſt every glance in ſubtile wiles
Had ſhot it ſelfe like lightning through the piles.
Go blow upon ſome equall blood, and let
Earths hotter ray engender and beget
New flames to dreſſe the aged Paphians Quire,
And lend the world new *Cupids* borne on fire.
Dart no more here thoſe flames, nor ſtrive to throw
Your fire on him who is immur'd in Snow:

Thoſe

Thoſe Glances worke on me like the weake ſhine
The froſty Sun throwes on the Appenine,
When the hils active coldneſſe doth go neere
To freeze the glimmering Taper to his Spheare:
Each ray is loſt on me like the faint light
The Glow-worme ſhoots at the cold breaſt of night.
Thus Vertue can ſecure, but for that Name
I had been now ſins Martyr, and your flame.

A Sonnet.

FLattering hope away and leave me,
She'll not come, thou doſt deceive me;
Harke the Cock crows, th' envious light
Chides away the ſilent night;
Yet ſhe comes not, oh how I tyre
Betwixt cold feare and hot deſire.

Here alone enforc'd to tarry
While the tedious Minutes marry,
And get houres; thoſe daies and yeeres
Which I count with ſighs and feares:
Yet ſhe comes not, oh how I tyre
Betwixt cold feare and hot deſire.

Reſtleſſe thoughts a while remove
Unto the boſome of my Love,
Let her languiſh in my paine,
Feare, and hope, and feare againe;

Then let her tell me in loves fire,
What torment's like unto desire.

Endlesse wishing, tedious longing,
Hopes and feares together thronging;
Rich in dreames, yet poore in waking,
Let her be in such a taking,
Then let her tell me in loves fire,
What torment's like unto desire.

Come then Love prevent dates eyeing,
My desire would faine be dying:
Smother me with breathlesse kisses,
Let me dreame no more of blisses;
But tell me which is in Loves fire,
Best to enjoy, or to desire.

True Beauty.

MAy I find a woman faire,
And her mind as cleare as Aire,
If her beauty goe alone,
'Tis to me as if 't were none.

May I find a woman rich,
And not of too high a pitch:
If that pride ſhould cauſe diſdaine,
Tell me; Lover, where's thy gaine?

May I find a woman wife,
And her falſehood not diſguiſe;
Hath ſhe wit as ſhe hath will,
Double arm'd ſhe is to ill.

May I find a woman kind,
And not wavering like the wind:
How ſhould I call that love mine,
When 'tis his, and his, and thine?

May I find a woman true,
There is Beauties faireſt hue;
There is Beauty, Love, and Wit,
Happy he can compaſſe it.

The Indifferent.

NEver more will I proteſt
To love a woman but in jeſt:
For as they cannot be true,
So to give each man his due,
When the woing fit is paſt,
Their affection cannot laſt.

Therefore if I chance to meet
With a Miſtris faire and ſweet,
She my ſervice ſhall obtaine,
Loving her for Love againe:
Thus much liberty I crave,
Not to be a conſtant ſlave.

But when we have try'd each other,
If ſhe better like another,
Let her quickly change for me,
Then to change am I as free.
He or ſhe that loves too long
Sell their freedome for a ſong.

LOVES *Freedome.*

WHy ſhould man be only ty'd
To a fooliſh Female thing,
When all Creatures elſe beſide,
Birds and Beaſts, change every Spring?
Who would then to one be bound,
When ſo many may be found?

Why ſhould I my ſelfe confine
To the limits of one place,
When I have all *Europe* mine,
Where I liſt to run my race.
Who would then to one be bound,
When ſo many may be found?

Would you thinke him wiſe that now
Still one ſort of meat doth eat,
When both Sea and Land allow
Sundry ſorts of other meat?
Who would then to one be bound,
When ſo many may be found?

E're old *Saturne* chang'd his Throne,
Freedome raign'd and baniſh'd ſtrife,
Where was he that knew his own,
Or who call'd a woman wife?
Who would then to one be bound,
When ſo many may be found?

Ten times happier are thoſe men
That enjoy'd thoſe Golden daies:
Untill time redreſſe 't againe
I will never *Hymen* praiſe.
Who would then to one be bound,
When ſo many may be found?

On the Life Man.

LIke to the falling of a Star,
Or as the flights of Eagles are,
Or like the fresh Springs gaudy hue,
Or Silver drops of Morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or Bubbles which on water stood:
Even such is Man, whose borrowed light
Is straight call'd in and paid to night:
The wind blowes out, the Bubble dies,
The Spring intomb'd in Autumn lies:
The dew's dry'd up, the Star is shot,
The flight is past, and man forgot.

An Epitaph.

HEre ſhe lies, whoſe ſpotleſſe fame,
Invites a Stone to learne her Name:
The rigid Spartan that denied
An Epitaph to all that died,
Unleſſe for war, on charity
Would here vouchſafe an Elegie:
She died a Wife, but yet her mind
Beyond Virginity refin'd.
From lawleſſe fire remain'd as free,
As now from heat her aſhes be:
Her husband, yet without a ſin,
Was not a ſtranger, but her kin,
That her chaſte Love might ſeeme no other
To her husband than a Brother.
Keep well this pawn, thou Marble Cheſt,
Till it be call'd for let it reſt;
For while this Jewell here is ſet,
The grave is like a Cabinet.

A Sonnet.

Like a Ring without a Finger,
Or a Bell without a Ringer;
Like a horſe was never ridden,
Or a Feaſt and no Gueſt bidden;
Like a well without a Bucket,
Or a Roſe if no man pluck it:
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid
That lives, ne're loves, but dies a Maid.

The Ring, if worne, the Finger decks,
The Bell pull'd by the Ringer ſpeakes:
The horſe doth eaſe if he be ridden,
The feaſt doth pleaſe if Gueſt be bidden;
The Bucket draws the water forth,
The Roſe when pluck'd is ſtill moſt worth.
Such is the Virgin, in my eyes.
That lives, loves, marries, e're ſhe dies.

Like to a Stock not grafted on,
Or like a Lute not play'd upon;
Like a Jack without a weight,
Or a Barque without a fraight;
Like a Lock without a Key,
Or a Candle in the day:
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid
That lives, ne're loves, but dies a Maid.

The graffed Stock doth beare beſt fruit,
There's muſick in the fingered Lute:
The weight doth make the Jack go ready,
The fraught doth make the Barque go ſteady;
The Key the Lock doth open right,
The Candle's uſefull in the night.
Such is the Virgin, in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e're ſhe dies.

Like a Call without Anon ſir,
Or a Queſtion and no anſwer:
Like a Ship was never rigg'd,
Or a Mine was never digg'd;
Like a wound without a Tent,
Or Sivet boxe without a ſcent:
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid
That lives, ne're loves, but dies a maid,

Th' Anon ſir doth obey the Call,
The Queſtion anſwered pleaſeth all;
Who riggs a Ship ſailes with the Wind,
Who digs a Mine doth treaſure find;
The wound by wholeſome Tent hath eaſe,
The boxe perfum'd the Senſes pleaſe:
Such is the Virgin in my eyes
That lives, loves, marries, e're ſhe dies.

Like Marrow bone was never broken,
Or Commendations and no Token;
Like a Fort and none to win it,
Or like the Moone and no man in it;
Like a Schoole without a Teacher,
Or like a Pulpit and no Preacher:
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid
That lives, ne're loves, but dies a Maid.

The

The broken Marrow bone is ſweet,
The token doth adorne the greet ;
There's triumph in the Fort, being woon,
The man rides glorious in the Moon ;
The Schoole is by the Teacher ſtill'd,
The Pulpit by the Preacher fill'd :
Such is the Virgin, in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e're ſhe dies.

Like a Cage without a Bird,
Or a thing too long deferr'd ;
Like the Gold was never tryed,
Or the ground unoccupied ;
Like a Houſe that's not poſſeſſed,
Or the Book was never preſſed :
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid
That lives, ne're loves, but dies a maid.

The Bird in Cage doth ſweetly ſing,
Due Seaſon prefers every thing ;
The Gold that's try'd from droſſe is pur'd,
There's profit in the ground mannur'd ;
The Houſe is by poſſeſſion graced,
The Book when preſs'd is then embraced :
Such is the Virgin in my eyes
That lives, loves, marries, e're ſhe dies.

A Deſcription of Love.

LOve is a Region full of fires,
And burning with extreame deſires;
An Object ſeeks, of which poſſeſt,
The wheeles are fix'd, the motions reſt,
The flames in Aſhes lie oppreſt;
This Meteor ſtriving high to riſe,
The fewell ſpent, fals down and dies.

Much ſweeter, and more pure delights
Are drawn from faire alluring ſights,
When raviſht minds attempt to praiſe
Commanding Eyes like heavenly raies,
Whoſe force the gentle heart obeys;
Then where the end of this pretence
Deſcends to baſe inferiour ſence.

Why then ſhould Lovers (moſt will ſay)
Expect ſo much th' enjoying day;
Love is like youth, he thirſts for age,
He ſcornes to be his mothers Page;
But when proceeding times aſſwage
The former heat, he will complaine,
And wiſh thoſe pleaſant houres againe.

We know that hope and love are twins,
Hope gone, fruition now begins;

But what is this unconſtant fraile,
In nothing ſure, but ſure to faile?
Which if we loſe it we bewaile,
And when we have it ſtill we beare
The worſt of paſſions, daily feare.

When Love thus in his Center ends,
Deſire and Hope, his inward friends
Are ſhaken off, while doubt and griefe,
The weakeſt givers of reliefe,
Stand in his Councell as the Chiefe;
And now he to his period brought,
From Love becomes ſome other thought.

Theſe Lines I write not to remove
United ſoules from ſerious love,
The beſt attemps by Mortals made
Reflect on things which quickly fade;
Yet never will I men perſwade
To leave affections where may ſhine
Impreſſions of the love Divine.

The Shepherdeſſe.

A Shepherdeſſe who long had kept her Flocks
On ſtony Charnwoods, dry and barren Rocks,
In heate of Summer to the Vales declin'd
To ſeek freſh paſture for her Lambs halfe pin'd;
She (while her charge was feeding) ſpent the houres
To gaze on ſliding Brooks, and ſmiling flowers.

A Funerall Elogie on the Death of the Lady Penelope Clifton.

SInce thou art dead *(Clifton)* the world may ſee
A certaine end of fleſh and bloud in thee;
Till then a way was left for man to cry,
Fleſh may be made ſo pure, it cannot dye:
But now, thy unexpected death doth ſtrike
With griefe the better and the worſe alike;
The good are ſad they are not with thee there,
The bad have found they muſt not tarry here.
Death, I confeſſe, 'tis juſt in thee to try
Thy power on us, for thou thy ſelfe muſt dye;
Thou pay'ſt but Wages, Death, yet I would know
What ſtrange delight thou tak'ſt to pay them ſo;
When thou com'ſt face to face thou ſtrik'ſt us mute,
And all our liberty is to diſpute
With thee behinde thy back, which I will uſe;
If thou hadſt brav'ry in thee thou wouldſt chuſe
(Since thou art abſolute, and canſt controule
All things beneath a reaſonable ſoule,)
Some look for way of killing; if her day
Had ended in a fire, a ſword, or ſea,
Or hadſt thou come hid in a hundred yeares
To make an end of all her hopes and feares,
Or any other way direct to thee
Which Nature might eſteeme an Enemy,
Who would have chid thee? now it ſhews thy hand
Deſires to coſin where it might command:

Thou art not prone to kill, but where th'intent
Of thoſe that ſuffer is their nouriſhment;
If thou canſt ſteale into a diſh, and creep,
When all is ſtill as though into a ſleep,
And cover thy dry body with a draught,
Whereby ſome innocent Lady may be caught,
And cheated of her life, then thou wilt come
And ſtretch thy ſelfe upon her early Tombe,
And laugh, as pleas'd, to ſhew thou canſt devoure
Mortality as well by wit as power.
I would thou hadſt had eyes, or not a Dart,
That yet at leaſt, the cloathing of that heart
Thou ſtrook'ſt ſo ſpightfully, might have appear'd
To thee, and with a Reverence have been fear'd:
But ſince thou art ſo blind, receive from me
Who 'twas on whom thou wrought'ſt this Tragedy;
She was a Lady, who for publique Fame,
Never (ſince ſhe in thy protection came,
Who ſett'ſt all living tongues at large) receiv'd
A blemiſh; with her beauty ſhe deceiv'd
No man, when taken with it, they agree
'Twas Natures fault, when from 'em 'twas in thee.
And ſuch her vertue was, that although ſhe
Receive as much joy, having paſs'd through thee,
As ever any did; yet hath thy hate
Made her as little better in her ſtate,
As ever it did any being here,
Shee liv'd with us as if ſhe had been there.
Such Ladies thou canſt kill no more, but ſo
I give thee warning here to kill no moe;
For if thou doſt, my pen ſhall make the reſt
Of thoſe that live, eſpecially the beſt,
Whom thou moſt thirſteſt for, t'abandon all
Thoſe fruitleſſe things, which thou wouldſt have us call

Prefer-

Preſervatives, keeping their diet ſo,
As the long-living poore their neighbours do:
Then ſhall we have them long, and they at laſt
Shall paſſe from thee to hear, but not ſo faſt.

F. B.

The examination of his Miſtris Perfections.

STand ſtill my happineſſe, and ſwelling heart
No more, till I conſider what thou art.
Deſire of knowledge was mans fatall vice,
For when our Parents were in Paradice
(Though they themſelves, and all they ſaw was good)
They thought it nothing if not underſtood.
And I (part of their ſeed ſtruck with their ſin)
Though by their bountious favour I be in
A Paradice, where I may freely taſte
Of all the vertuous pleaſures which thou haſt,
Wanting that knowledge, muſt in all my bliſſe
Erre with my Parents, and aske what it is.
My Faith ſaith 'tis not heaven, and I dare ſweare
If it be hell no paine of ſence is there;
Sure 'tis ſome pleaſant place, where I may ſtay
As I to heaven go in the middle way.
Wert thou but faire and no whit vertuous,
Thou wert no more to me but a faire houſe
Hanted with Spirits, from which men do them bleſſe,
And no man will halfe furniſh to poſſeſſe:
Or hadſt thou worth wrapt in a rivell'd skin,
Twere inacceſſable; who durſt go in

To find it out? far ſooner would I go
To find a Pearle covered with hils of ſnow;
'Twere buried vertue, and thou mighſt me move
To reverence the Tombe, but not to love,
No more than dotingly to caſt mine eye
Upon the Urne where *Lucrece* aſhes lye.
But thou art faire, and ſweet, and every good
That ever yet durſt mixe with fleſh and blood:
The Devill ne're ſaw in his fallen ſtate
An Obje&t whereupon to ground his hate
So fit as thee; all living things but he
Love thee; how happy then muſt that man be
When from amongſt all creatures thou doſt take?
Is there a hope beyond it? Can he make
A wiſh to change thee for? This is my bliſſe,
Let it run on now, I know what it is.

Fran. Beaumont.

The Hermaphrodite made after M. Beaumonts *Death by* Thomas Randolph *M. A. Sometime Fellow of Trinity Colledge in* Cambridge.

SIr, or Madam, choose you whether,
Nature twists you both together;
And makes thy soule to each confesse,
Both Petticoat and Breeches dresse.
Thus we chastise the god of Wine
With water that is Feminine,
Till the cooler Nymph abate
This wrath, and so incorporate.
Adam till his Rib was lost
Had the Sexes thus ingrost;
When providence, our Sire, did cleave,
And out of *Adam* carved *Eve*,
Then did man'bout Wedlock treat,
To make his Body up compleat;
Thus Matrimony speaks but thee
In a grave solemnitie;
For man and wife make but one right
Cannonicall Hermaphrodite.
Revell thy body, and I find
In every limbe a double kind;

Who would not think that head a paire
That breeds ſuch Factions in the haire?
One halfe's ſo churliſh in the touch,
That rather than endure ſo much
I would my tender Limbs apparrell
With *Regulus* his nailed Barrell:
And the other halfe ſo ſmall,
And ſo Amorous withall,
That *Cupid* thinks each haire to grow
A ſtring for his inviſible bow.
When I look babies in thine eyes,
Here *Venus*, there *Adonis* lies.
And though thy Beauty be high noon,
Thy Orbs containe both Sun and Moon.
How many melting kiſſes skip
Betwixt thy Male and Female lip,
Betwixt thy upper bruſh of haire,
And thy nether beards deſpaire?
When thou ſpeak'ſt (I would not wrong
Thy ſweetneſſe with a double tongue)
But in every ſimple ſound
A perfect Dialogue is found.
Thy Breaſts diſtinguiſh one another,
This is the Siſter, that the Brother,
When thou joyn'ſt hands, my eares ſtruck fancies,
The Nuptiall ſound, I *John* take *Francis*.
Feele but the difference ſoft and rough,
This is a Gauntlet, that a Muffe.
Had ſly *Ulyſſes* at the ſack
Of *Troy* brought thee his Pedlers pack,
And weapon too to know *Achilles*
From King *Nicomedes Phillis*,
His plot had fail'd; this hand would feele
The Needle, that the warlike ſteele,

When Muſick doth thy pace advance
Thy right leg takes thy left to dance;
Nor is't a Galliard danc'd by one,
But a mix'd dance although alone.
Thus every Heteroclite part
Changes gender but the heart.
And thoſe which modeſty can meane
(And dare not ſpeake,are Epicene;
That Gameſter needs muſt overcome
That can play both *Tib* and *Tom*.
Thus did Natures Mintage vary,
Coyning thee both *Phillip* and *Mary*.

Upon

Upon the Hermaphrodite, written since by Mr J. Cleaveland.

PRobleme of Sexes; muſt thou likewiſe be
As diſputable in thy Pedegree?
Thou twins-in-one, in whom Dame Nature tries
To throw leſſe than Aums-ace upon two Dice:
Wert thou ſerv'd up two in one diſh, the rather
To ſplit thy Sire into a double Father?
True, the Worlds ſcales are even: what the maine
In one place gets, another quits againe.
Nature loſt one by thee, and therefore muſt
Slice one in two to keep her number juſt:
Plurality of Livings is thy ſtate,
And therefore mine muſt be impropriate.
For ſince the child is mine, and yet the claime
Is intercepted by anothers Name.
Never did ſteeple carry double truer,
His is the Donative, and mine the Cure.
Then ſay my Muſe (and without more diſpute)
Who is't that Fame doth ſuperinſtitute?
The *Theban* Wittall, when he once deſcries
Jove is his Rivall, fals to ſacrifice:
That Name hath tipt his hornes: ſee on his knees
A health to *Hanſen*, *Kelder*, *Hercules*:
Nay, ſublunary Cuckolds are content
To entertaine their Fate with complement:

And

And ſhall not he be proud whom *Randolph* daines
To quarter with his Muſe, both Armes and Braines?
Gramercy Goſſip, I rejoyce to ſee,
Shee hath got a leap of ſuch a Barbary.
Talke not of hornes, hornes are the Poets Creſt;
For ſince the Muſes left their former neſt,
To found a Nunnery in *Randolph's* quill,
Cuckold *Fernaſſus* is a forked hill.
But ſtay, I've wak'd his duſt, his Marble ſtirs,
And brings the worms for his Compurgators.
Can *Ghoſt* have naturall ſons? ſay *Ogg* it's meet?
Penance beare date after the winding ſheet?
Were it a Phœnix (as the double kind
May ſeem to prove, being there's two combin'd)
It would diſclaime my right, and that it were
The lawfull iſſue of his aſhes, ſweare.
But was ſhee dead? did not his ſoule tranſlate
Her ſelfe, into a ſhop of leſſer rate?
Or breake up houſe, like an expenſive Lord,
That gives his purſe a fob, and lives at board?
Let old *Pythagoras* but play the pimp,
And ſtill ther'es hopes 't may prove his baſtard Mip:
But I'me prophane; for grant the world had one
With whom he might contract an Union,
They two were one, yet like an Eagle ſpread,
Ith' Body joyn'd, but parted in the head.
For you my brat, that poſe the Porph'ry Chaire,
Pope *John* or *Joane*, or whatſoe're you are,
You are a Nephew, grieve not at your ſtate,
For all the world is illegitimate;
Man cannot get a man, unleſſe the Sun
Club to the Act of Generation.
The Sun and Man get Man, thus *Tom* and *I*
Are the joynt Fathers of thy Poetry.

For

For ſince (bleſt ſhade) this Verſe is Male, but mine
O'th weaker ſex, a fancy femenine.
Wee'l part the Child, and yet commit no ſlaughter;
So ſhall it be thy ſon, and yet my daughter.

To the Mutable Faire.

HEre *Cœlia*, for thy ſake I part
With all that grew ſo neere my heart;
The paſſion that I had for thee,
The Faith, the Love, the Conſtancy;
And that I may ſucceſſefull prove,
Transforme my ſelfe to what you love.
Foole that I was, ſo much to prize
Thoſe ſimple vertues you deſpiſe?
Foole, that which ſuch dull arrows ſtrove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying Dove;
For you that are in motion ſtill
Decline our force, and mock our skill;
Who, like *Don Quixote*, do advance
Againſt a Windmill our vaine Lance.
Now will I wander through the aire,
Mount, make a ſtoope at every faire,
And with a fancy unconfin'd
(As lawleſſe as the Sea, or Wind)
Purſue you whereſoe're you flie,
And with your various thoughts comply.
The formall ſtars do travell ſo
As we their Names and Courſes know;

And he that on their Changes looks,
Would thinke them govern'd by our books;
But never were the Clouds reduc'd
To any Art the motion us'd.
By thoſe free vapours are ſo light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd ſight
Deſpaires to find the rules that guide
Thoſe gilded ſhadows as they ſlide;
And therefore of the ſpatious aire
Jove's Royall Conſort had the care,
And by that power did once eſcape
Declining bold *Ixions* rape;
She with her own reſemblance grac'd
A ſhining cloud, which he imbrac'd.
Such was that Image, ſo it ſmil'd
With ſeeming kindneſs, which beguil'd
Your *Thirſis* lately, when he thought
He had his fleeting *Cœlia* caught;
'Twas ſhap'd like her, but for the faire
He fill'd his Armes with yeelding aire,
A Fate for which he grieves the leſſe
Becauſe the gods had like ſucceſſe:
For in their Story one (we ſee)
Purſues a Nymph, and takes a Tree;
A ſecond with a Lovers haſte
Soone overtakes what he had chaſte;
But ſhe that did a Virgin ſeeme,
Poſſeſſ'd, appears a wandring ſtreame.
For his ſuppoſed Love a third
Laies greedy hold upon a Bird;
And ſtands amaz'd to ſee his Deare
A wild Inhabitant of the Aire.
To ſuch old tales ſuch Nymphs as you
Give credit, and ſtill make them new;

The Amorous now like wonders find
In the ſwift changes of your mind.
But *Celia* if you apprehend
The Muſe of your incenſed friend:
Nor would that he record your blame,
And make it live, repeat the ſame;
Againe deceive him, and againe,
And then he ſweares he'l not complaine;
For ſtill to be deluded ſo
Is all the pleaſures Lovers know,
Who like good Falkners take delight
Not in the Quarrey, but the flight.

Of Loving at first ſight.

NOt caring to obſerve the wind,
Or the new ſea explore,
Snatcht from thy ſelfe, how far behind
Already I behold the ſhore.

May not a thouſand dangers ſleep
In the ſmooth boſome of this deep:
No, 'tis ſo rockleſſe, and ſo cleare,
That the rich Bottom does appeare
Pav'd all with precious things, not torne
From ſhipwrackt veſſels, but there borne;

Sweetneſſe, truth, and every grace
Which time and uſe are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach,
And read diſtinctly in her face.

Some other Nymph with colour faint,
And Pencill ſlow may *Cupid* paint;
And a weake heart in time deſtroy,
She has a ſtampe and prints the Boy,
Can with a ſingle looke inflame
The coldeſt Breaſt, the Rudeſt tame.

Tho. Batt.

The

The Antiplatonick.

FOr ſhame thou everlaſting wooer,
Still ſaying grace, and never falling to her.
Love that's in contemplation plac'd,
Is *Venus* drawn but to the waſte?
Unleſſe your flame confeſſe its gender,
And your Parley cauſe ſurrender;
Y' are Salamanders of a cold deſire,
That live untoucht amid the hotteſt fire.

What though ſhe be a Dame of ſtone,
The Widow of *Pigmalion*;
As hard and unrelenting ſhe
As the new cruſted *Niobe*;
Or what doth more of ſtatue carry,
A Nun of the Platonick Quarry?
Love melts the Rigour which the Rocks have bred,
A Flint will break upon a feather bed.

For ſhame you pretty female Elves,
Ceaſe for to candy up your ſelves:
No more, you Sectaries of the Game,
No more of your calcining flame.
Women commence by *Cupids* Dart,
As a King hunting dubs a Hart;
Loves Votaries inthrale each others ſoule,
Till both of them live but upon Parole.

Ver-

Vertue's no more in Women kind,
But the green-ſickneſſe of the mind.
Phyloſophy their new delight,
A kind of Charcoale appetite.
There's no Sophiſtry prevailes
Where all-convincing Love aſſailes;
But the diſputing petticoat will warp,
As skilfull Gameſters are to ſeek at ſharp.

The Souldier, that man of Iron,
Whom ribs of Horror all inviron;
That's ſtrung with wire inſtead of veines,
In whoſe embraces you're in Chaines;
Let a Magnetick girle appeare,
Straight he turnes *Cupids* Cuiraſeer.
Love ſtormes his lips, and takes the Fortreſſe in,
For all the briſtled Turn-pikes of his Chin.

Since Loves Artillery then checks
The breaſt-works of the firmeſt Sex,
Come let's in affections riot,
Th'are ſickly pleaſures keep a Diet.
Give me a Lover bold and free,
Not Eunucht with formality:
Like an Embaſſadour that beds a Queen,
With the nice Caution of a Sword between.

Song.

SAy lovely dreame, where couldſt thou find
Shales to counterfeit that face?
Colours of this glorious kind
Come not from any Mortall place.

In Heaven it ſelfe thou ſure wert dreſt
With that Angel-like diſguiſe:
Thus deluded am I bleſt,
And ſee my joy with cloſed eyes.

But ah! this Image is too kind
To be other than a dreame,
Cruell Sachariſſa's *mind*
Never put on that ſweet extreame.

Faire Dreame, if thou intend'ſt me grace,
Change this heavenly forme of thine;
Paint deſpis'd love in thy face,
And make it to appeare like mine.

Pale, Wan, and Meager, let it looke,
With a pitty-moving ſhape,
Such as wander by the brooke
Of Lethe, *or from Graves eſcape.*

Then to that Matchleſſe Nymph appeare,
In whoſe ſhape thou ſhineſt ſo,
Softly in her ſleeping eare
With humble words expreſſe my woe.

Perhaps from greatneſſe, ſtate and pride,
Thus ſurpriſed ſhe may fall;
Sleep does diſproportion hide,
And death reſembling equals all.

Song II.

BEhold the brand of Beauty toſt;
See how the motion does dilate the flame,
Delighted Love his ſpoiles does boaſt,
And triumph in this game:
Fire to no place confin'd,
Is both our wonder, and our feare,
Moving the Mind
Like lightning hurled through the aire.

High heaven, the glory doth increaſe
Of all her ſhining Lamps this Artfull way;
The Sun in figures ſuch as theſe
Joies with the Moone to play;
To theſe ſweet ſtraines they advance,
Which do reſult from their own ſpheares,
As this Nymphs dance
Moves with the Numbers which ſhe heares.

An Elegy.

HEaven knows my love to thee, fed on desires
So hallowed, and unmixt with vulgar fires,
As are the purest Beames shot from the Sun
At his full height, and the devotion
Of dying Martyrs could not burne more cleare,
Nor Innocence in her first Robes appeare
Whiter than our affections; they did show
Like frost forc'd out of flames, and fire from snow.
So pure the Phœnix, when she did refine
Her Age to Youth, borrow'd no flames but mine.
But now my day's so'recast, for I have now
Drawn Anger, like a Tempest, o're the brow
Of my faire Mistris; those your glorious eyes
Whence I was wont to see my day-star rise
Thereat, like revengefull Meteors; and I feele
My Torment, my gilt double, my hell;
'Twas a mistake, and might have veniall been,
Done to another, but it was made sin,
And justly mortall too, by troubling thee,
Slight wrongs are Treasons done to Majesty.
O all ye blest Ghosts of deceased Loves,
That now lie fainted in the *Eclesian* Groves,
Mediate for mercy for me; at her shrine
Meet with full Quire, and joine your prayers with mine:

Conjure

Conjure her by the merits of your kiſſes,
By your paſt ſufferings, and your preſent bliſſes.
Conjure her by your mutuall hopes and feares,
By all your intermixed ſighs and Teares,
To plead my pardon: go to her and tell
That you will walke the Guardian Sentinell,
My ſoules ſafe *Genii*, that ſhe need not feare
A mutinous thought, or one cloſe Rebell there;
But what needs that, when ſhe alone ſits there
Sole Angell of that Orbe? in her own ſpheare
Alone ſhe ſits, and can ſecure it free
From all irregular motions; only ſhe
Can give the Balſome that muſt cure this ſore,
And the ſweet Antidote to ſin no more.

Upon Mr Charles Beaumont, Who died of a Conſumption.

WHile others drop their teares upon thy hearſe,
Sweet *Charles*, and ſigh t' increaſe the wind my Verſe,
Pious in naming thee, cannot complaine
Of Death, or Fate, for they were lately ſlaine
By thy own conflict; and ſince good men know
What Heaven to ſuch a virgin Saint doth owe;
Though ſome will ſay they ſaw thee dead, yet I
Congratulate thy life and victory:
Thy fleſh an upper garment, that it might
Aide thy eternall progreſſe, firſt grew light;
Nothing but Angel now, which thou wert neere,
Almoſt reduc'd to thy firſt ſpirit here:
But fly faire ſoule, while our Complaints are juſt,
That cannot follow for our Chaines of duſt.

Fie

Fie on Love.

NOw fie on fooliſh Love, it not befits
Or Man or Woman know it.
Love was not meant for people in their wits,
And they that fondly ſhew it
Betray the ſtraw, and Feathers in their braine,
And ſhall have Bedlam for their paine.
If ſingle love be ſuch a curſe,
To marry is to make it ten times worſe.

A Song.

GO and catch a falling ſtar,
Get with child a Mandrake root,
Tell me where all paſt yeares are,
Or who cleft the divels foot;
Teach me to heare Mermaids ſinging,
Or to keep off envies ſtinging,
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honeſt mind.

If thou beest borne to strange sight,
Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand daies and nights,
Till Age snow white haires on thee;
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And sweare,
No where
Lives a Woman true and faire.

Secresie protested.

FEare not (deare Love) that I'le reveale
Those hours of pleasure we two steale;
No eye shall see, nor yet the Sun
Descry, what thou and I have done;
No eare shall heare our love, but we
Silent as the night will be;
The God of Love himselfe (whose dart
Did first wound mine, and then thy heart)
Shall never know that we can tell
What sweets in stoln embraces dwell:
This only meanes may find it out,
If when I die Physitians doubt
What caus'd my death, and there to view
Of all their judgements which was true,
Rip up my heart, O then I feare
The world will see thy picture there.

Eternity

Eternity of Love proteſted.

HOw ill doth He deſerve a Lovers name,
Whoſe pale weake flame
Cannot retaine
His heat in ſpight of abſence or diſdaine;
But doth at once, like paper ſet on fire,
Burne and expire.

True love can never change his ſeat,
Nor did he ever love that could retreat;
That noble flame which my breaſt keeps alive
Shall ſtill ſurvive,
When my ſoule's fled;
Nor ſhall my love die when my bodie's dead,
That ſhall waite on me to the lower ſhade,
And never fade.

My very Aſhes in their Urne
Shall, like a hallowed Lamp, for ever burne.

The

The willing Priſoner to his MISTRIS.

LEt Fooles great *Cupid's* yoake diſdaine,
Loving their own wild freedome better,
Whilſt proud of my triumphant Chaine
I ſit, and court my beautious fetter.

Her murd'ring glances, ſnaring haires,
And her bewitching ſmiles, ſo pleaſe me,
As he brings ruine that repaires
The ſweet afflictions that diſpleaſe me.

Hide not thoſe panting bals of ſnow
With envious veiles from my beholding;
Unlock thoſe lips their pearly row
In a ſweet ſmile of love unfolding.

And let thoſe eyes whoſe motion wheeles
The reſtleſſe fate of every Lover.
Survey the paines my ſick heart feeles,
And wounds themſelves have made diſcover.

A Maske of the Gentlemen of Graies *Inne, and the Inner Temple, by Mr* Francis Beaumont.

Enter Iris *Running*, Mercury *following and Catching hold of her.*

Mercury.

STay light-foot *Iris*, for thou ſtriv'ſt in vaine,
My Wings are nimbler than thy feet;
Iris away,
Diſſembling *Mercury* my Meſſages
Aske honeſt haſte, not like thoſe wanton ones
Your thundring Father ſends.
Mer. Stay fooliſh Maid,
Or I will take my rife upon a hill
When I perceive thee ſeated in a Cloud
In all the Painted Glory that thou haſt,
And never ceaſe to clap my willing wing,
Till I catch hold on thy diſcolour'd bow,
And ſhiver it beyond the Angry power
Of your mad Miſtris to make up againe.
Iris. Hermes forbeare, *Juno* will chide and ſtrike;
Is great *Jove* jealous that I am imployed?
Or her love Errands ſhe did never yet
Claſpe weak Mortality in her white Armes
As he hath often done; I only come

To

To celebrate the long-wish'd nuptials
Here in *Olympia*, which are now perform'd
Betwixt two goodly Rivers that have mix'd
Their gentle winding waves, and are to grow
Into a thousand streames, great as themselves:
I need not name them, for the sound is loud
In Heaven and Earth, and I am sent from her,
The Queene of marriage, that was present here,
And smil'd to see them joyne, and hath not chid
Since it was done; God *Hermes* let me go.

Mer. Nay you must stay; *Joves* Message is the same,
Whose eyes are Lightning, and whose voice is Thunder,
Whose breath is Airy Wind, he will, who knowes
How to be first in Earth as well as Heaven.

Iris. But what hath he to do with Nuptiall rites?
Let him sit pleas'd upon his starry Throne,
And fright poore Mortals with his Thunder-bolts,
Leaving to us the mutuall darts of Eyes.

Mer. Alas, when ever offer'd he t'abridge
Your Ladies power, but only now in these,
Whose match concernes the generall Government:
Hath not each God a part in these high joyes?
And shall not he the King of gods presume
Without proud *Juno's* Lycence? let her know,
That when enamour'd *Jove* first gave her power
To linke soft hearts in undissolving bands,
He then foresaw, and to himselfe reserv'd
The honour of this Marriage; thou shalt stand
Still as a Rock, while I to blesse this Feast,
Will summon up with my all-charming Rod
The Nymphs of Fountaines, from whose watry locks
(Hung with the dew of blessing and encrease)
The greedy Rivers take their nourishment.
Yea Nymphs who bathing in your lov'd springs,

Behold

Behold these Rivers in their infancy,
And joy'd to see them when their circled heads
Refresh'd the Aire, and spread the ground with flowers;
Rise from the wels, and with your nimble feet
Performe that office to this happy paire
Which in these Plaines you to *Alpheus* did,
When, passing hence through many seas unmix'd,
He gain'd the favour of his *Arethuse*.

The Nymphs rise and dance a little and then make a stand.

Iris. Is *Hermes* growne a Lover? by what power
Unknown to us cals he the maids?
Mer. Presuptuous *Iris*, I could make thee dance,
Till thou forget'st thy Ladies message,
And runn'st back crying to her: thou shalt know
My power is more, only my breath and this
Shall move fix'd stars, and force the firmament
To yield the *Hyades*, who governe showers,
And dewy Clouds, in whose dispersed drops
Thou form'st the shape of thy deceitfull bow;
Ye maids, who yearely at appointed times
Advance with kindly teares the gentle flouds,
Descend and powre your blessing on these streames,
Which rouling down from Heaven, aspiring hils,
And now united in the fruitfull Vales,
Beare all before them, ravish with their joy,
And swell in glory till they know no bounds.

The Cloud descends with the Hyades, *at which the maids seeme to be rejoyced, they all dance a while together, then make another stand as if they wanted something.*

Iris. Great wit and power hath *Hermes* to contrive
A lively Dance which of one Sex consists.
Mer. Alas poore *Iris*, *Venus* hath in store

A ſecret Ambuſh of her winged boyes,
Who lurking long within theſe pleaſant Groves,
Firſt ſtuck theſe flowers with their equall Darts;
Thoſe *Cupids* ſhall come forth and joyne with theſe,
To honour that which they themſelves began.

The Cupids come forth and dance, they are weary with their blind purſuing the Nymphs, and the Nymphs weary with flying them.

Iris. Behold the ſtatues which wiſe *Vulcan* plac'd
Under the Altar of *Olympian Jove*,
And gave to them an Artificiall life;
See how they move, drawn by this heavenly joy,
Like the wild Trees which followed *Orphæus* harpe.

The Statues come down, and they all dance till the Nymphs out-run them and loſe them, then the Cupids go off, and laſt the Statues.

Mer. And what will *Juno's Iris* do for her?
Iris. Juſt match this ſhew or mine inventions faile;
Had it been worthier, I would have invok'd
The blazing Comets, Clouds, and falling ſtars,
And all my Kindred, Meteors of the aire,
To have excelled it, but I now muſt ſtrive
To imitate confuſion; therefore thou
Delightfull *Flora*, if thou ever felt'ſt
Increaſe of ſweetneſſe in thoſe blooming plants
On which the hornes of my faire Bow decline,
Send hither all that rurall company
Which deck the maygames with their clowniſh ſports,
Juno will have it ſo.

The second Antimasque rusheth in, they dance their measure, and as rudely depart.

Mer. Iris we strive
Like winds at liberty, who should do worst
E're we returne if *Juno* be the Queen
Of marriages, let her give happy way
To what is done in honour of the State
She governs.
Iris. Hermes so it may be done
Meerly in honour of the State, and those
That now have prov'd it ; not to satisfie
The Lust of *Jupiter* in having thanks
More than his *Juno*, if thy snaky rod
Have power to search the heaven, or sound the sea,
Or call together all the buds of earth,
To bring thee any thing that may do grace
To us, and these, do it we shall be pleas'd ;
They know that from the mouth of *Jove* himselfe,
Whose words have winks, and need not to be borne,
I took a Message, and I bore it through
A thousand yeelding Clouds, and never staid
Till his high will was done. The *Olympian* games
Which long had slept at these wish'd Nuptials
He pleas'd to have renewed, and all his Knights
Are gathered hither, who within their Tents
Rest on this hill, upon whose rising head

The Alter is discovered, with the Priests about it, and the Statues under it, and the Knights lying in their Tents on each side neere the top of the hill.

Behold *Joves* Altar and his blessed Priests

Moving

Moving about it; come you holy men,
And with your voices draw these youths along,
That till *Joves* musick call them to their games,
Their Active sports may give a blest content
To those for whom they are againe begun.

The first Song when the Priests descend, and the Knights follow them.

SHake off your heavy trance
And leape into a Dance,
Such as no Mortals use to tread,
Fit only for Apollo
To play to, for the Moon to lead,
And all the stars to follow.

The second Song at the end of the first Dance.

ON blessed Youths, for Jove *doth pause,*
Laying aside his graver Laws
For this device:
And at the wedding such a paire
Each Dance is taken for a prayer,
Each Song a Sacrifice.

The third Song after their many Dances, when they are to take the Ladies ſingle.

More pleaſing were theſe ſweet delights,
If Ladies mov'd as well as Knights;
Run every one of you and catch
A Nymph in honour of this match,
And whiſper boldly in her eare,
Jove *will but laugh if you forſweare.*

All.

And this daies ſins he doth reſolve,
That we his Prieſts ſhould all abſolve.

The fourth Song when they have parted with the Ladies, a ſhrill Muſique ſounds, ſuppoſed to be that which cals them to the *Olympian* Games, at which they all make a ſeeming preparation to depart.

YOu ſhould ſtay longer, if we durſt,
Away, alas, that he that firſt

Gave time wild Wings to fly away,
Has now no power to make him ſtay;
And though theſe games muſt needs be played,
I would theſe paire when they are layed,
And not a Creature nigh 'em,
Might catch his ſigh as he doth paſſe,
And clip his wings, and breake his glaſſe,
And keep 'em ever by 'em.

The fifth Song when all is done as they aſcend.

PEace and ſilence be the guide
To the Man, and to the Bride:
If there be a joy yet new
In marriage, let it fall on you,
That all the world may wonder:
If we ſhould ſtay we ſhould do worſe,
And turne our bleſſings to a Curſe,
By keeping you aſunder.

Prologues,

Prologues, Epilogues, and Songs to ſeverall Plaies, written by Mr *Francis Beaumont* and *Fletcher*.

The Prologue *to the Mad Lover.*

TO pleaſe all's impoſſible, and to deſpaire
Ruine's our ſelves, and damps the Writers Care:
Would we knew what to do, or ſay, or when
To find the minds here equall with the men,
But we muſt venture; now to ſea we go,
Faire Fortune with us, give us roome and blow:
Remember y'are all venturers; and in this play
How many twelvepences ye have 'ſtowed this day;
Remember for Returne of your delight,
We lanch and plough through ſtormes of feare and ſpight:
Give us your forewinds fairely, fill our wings,
And ſteere us right, and as the Sailers ſing,
Loaden with wealth on wanton Seas, ſo we
Shall make our home-bound voyage cheerefully;
And you our Noble Merchants, for your Treaſure,
Share equally the fraught, we run for pleaſure.

The Epilogue.

HEre lies the doubt now, let our Plaies be good,
Our own care ſayling equall in this Floud;
Our preparations new, new our Attire,
Yet here we are becalm'd ſtill, ſtill i'th' mire;
Here we ſtick faſt, is there no way to cleare
This Paſſage of your judgement, and our feare?
No Mitigation of that Law? Brave Friends,
Conſider we are yours, made for your ends,
And every thing preſerves it ſelfe, each will,
If not perverſe and crooked, utters ſtill,
The beſt of that it ventures in: have care
Even for your pleaſures ſake, of what you are,
And do not ruine all; you may frowne ſtill,
But 'tis the Nobler way to check the Will.

First Song to the mad Lover.

Stre. ORpheus, *I am come from the deeps below*
To thee, fond man, the plagues of love to ſhow.
To thee faire Fields, where Loves eternall dwell,
There's none that come, but firſt they paſſe through hell.
Harke and beware, unleſſe thou haſt lov'd ever,
Belov'd againe, thou ſhalt ſee thoſe Joyes never.
Harke how they groane that dyed deſpairing,
O take heed then:
Harke how they houle for ever daring,
All theſe were men:
They that be fooles and dye for fame,
They loſe their name,
And they that bleed,
Harke how they ſpeed.
Now in cold Froſts, now ſcorching fires,
They ſit and curſe their loſt deſires:
Nor ſhall their ſoules be free from pains and feares,
Till Women waft them over in their teares.

The ſecond Song to the Mad-Lover.

Orph. CHaron, *O* Charon,
Thou waſter of the ſoules to bliſſe or bane.
Cha. *Who cals the Ferry-man of Hell?*
Orph. *Come neare*
And ſay who lives in Joy, and whom in feare.
Cha. *Thoſe that dye well, eternall joy ſhall follow;*
Thoſe that dye ill, their own ſoule fate ſhall ſwallow.
Orph. *Shall thy black Barke thoſe guilty ſpirits ſtow*
That kill themſelves for love.
Cha. *O no, no,*
My courage cracks when ſuch great ſins are neare,
No wind blows faire, nor I my ſelfe can ſteare.
Orph. *What Lovers paſſe and in* Elisium *raigne?*
Cha. *Thoſe gentle loves that are belov'd againe.*
Orph. *This Souldier loves, and faine would dye to win,*
Shall he go on?
Cha. *No, 'tis too foule a ſin,*
He muſt not come aboard: I dare not Row,
Stormes of deſpaire and guilty bloud will blow.
Orph. *Shall time releaſe him ſay?*
Cha. *No, no, no, no,*
Nor time, nor death can alter us, nor prayer;
My Boat is deſtiny, and who then dare,
But thoſe appointed, come aboard? Live ſtill
And love by reaſon, mortall, not by will.
Orph. *And when thy Miſtris ſhall cloſe up thine eyes.*
Cha. *Then come aboard and paſſe.*
Orph. *Till when be wiſe.*
Cha. *Till when be wiſe.*

The third Song to the mad Lover.

O Faire, ſweet Goddeſſe, Queen of Loves,
Soft and gentle as thy Doves,
Humble eyed, and ever ruing
Thoſe poore hearts their loves purſuing.
O thou mother of delights,
Crowner of all happy nights,
Star of Deare content and pleaſure,
Of mutuall love the endleſſe treaſure,
Accept this Sacrifice we bring;
Thou continuall youth and ſpring,
Grant this Lady her deſires,
And every houre wee'l crown thy fires.

The fourth Song to the mad Lover.

Arme, Arme, Arme, Arme, the Scouts are all come in,
Keep your Rankes cloſe, and now your honour win.
Beholdfrom yonder Hill the Foe appeares,
Bows, Bils, Glaves, Arrows, Shields, and Speares,
Like a darke wood he comes, or tempeſt powring;
O view the wings of Horſe the Meadows ſcowring.

The Vant-Guard marches bravely, hark the Drums—Dub,
They meet, they meet, now the battle comes; (*Dub.*
See how the Arrows flie,
That darken all the skie;
Harke how the Trumpets sound,
Harke how the hils rebound—tara, tara, tara.
Harke how the Horses charge in boyes, in boys in,—tara, tara.
The Battle totters, now the wounds begin,
O how thy cry,
O how they dye.
Roome for the Valiant Memnon *armed with Thunder,*
See how he breakes the Rankes asunder:
They fly, they fly, Eumenes *hath the Chase,*
And brave Politius *makes good his place.*
To the plaines, to the woods,
To the rocks, to the flouds,
They fly for succour: follow, follow follow, hey, hey.—
Harke how the Souldiers hollow;
Brave Diocles *is dead,*
And all his souldiers fled,
The Battle's won and lost,
That many a life hath cost.

The

The Prologue to the Spaniſh Curate.

TO tell ye (Gentlemen) we have a play,
A new one too, and that 'tis launch'd to day,
The name ye know, that's nothing to my ſtory;
To tell you 'tis familiar, void of glory,
Of State, of Bitterneſſe of wit you'l ſay,
For that is now held wit that tends that way,
Which we avoid to tell you too, ſtill merry,
And meane to make you pleaſant, and not weary:
The ſtreame that guides ye eaſie to attend
To tell you that 'tis good is to no end,
If you beleeve not; nay to go thus far,
To ſweare it, if you ſweare againſt it, were
To aſſure you any thing, unleſſe you ſee,
And ſo conceive, is vanity in me;
Therefore I leave it to it ſelfe, and pray
Like a good Barque it may worke out to day,
And ſtem all doubts; 'twas built for ſuch a proofe,
And we hope highly, if ſhe lie aloofe
For her own vantage, to give wind at will;
Why, let her worke, only be you but ſtill,
And ſweet opinion'd, and we are bound to ſay,
You are worthy Judges, and you crown the Play.

The Epilogue.

THe Play is done, yet our ſuite never ends,
Still when you part you would ſtill part our Friends,
Our Nobleſt Friends; if ought have falne amiſſe,
Oh let it be ſufficient that it is,
And you have pardon'd it: In buildings great
All the whole body cannot be ſo neat
But ſomething may be mended; thoſe are faire,
And worthy love, that may deſtroy, but ſpare.

The Prologue to the French-Lawyer.

TO promiſe much before a Play begin,
And when 'tis done aske pardon, were a ſin
Wee'l not be guilty of: and to excuſe
Before we know a fault, were to abuſe
The Writers and our ſelves; for I dare ſay
We all are fool'd if this be not a Play,
And ſuch a Play as ſhall (ſo ſhould Plaies do)
Impe Times dull wings, and make you merry too;
'Twas to that purpoſe writ, ſo we intend it,
And we have our wiſh'd ends if you commend it.

The Epilogue.

Gentlemen,

I am ſent forth to enquire what you decree
Of us and our Poets, they will be
This night exceeding merry, ſo will we;
If you approve their labours they profeſſe,
You are their Patrons, and we ſay no leſſe;
Reſolve us then, for you can only tell
Whether we have done fully, or done well.

First Song to the Play called the little French Lawyer, called an Epithalamine Song, at the wedding.

COme away, bring on the Bride,
And place her by her Lovers ſide;
Ten faire troope of Maids attend her,
Pure and holy thoughts befriend her;
Bleſſe, and wiſh you Virgins all
Many ſuch faire nights may fall.

Chorus.

Hymen *fill the houſe with joy,*
All thy ſacred fires imploy;
Bleſſe the Bed with holy love,
Now faire Orbe of beauty move.

Second Song to the Little French Lawyer, called, *Song in the Wood.*

THis way, this way, come and hear,
You that hold theſe pleaſures dear;
Fill your eares with our ſweet ſound,
Whil'ſt we melt the frozen ground:
This way, come make haſt, O Faire,
Let your cleare eyes gild the Aire;
Come and bleſſe us with your ſight,
This way, this way ſeeke delight.

The Prologue to the Play, called, *The Cuſtome of the Countrey.*

SO free this worke is (Gentlemen) from offence,
That we are confident it needs no defence
From us, or from the Poets, we dare looke
On any man that brings his Table booke
To write down what againe he may repeat
At ſome great Table, to deſerve his meat;
Let ſuch come ſwel'd with malice to apply
What is mirth here, there for an injury.

Nor

Nor Lord, nor Lady we have tax'd, nor State,
Nor any private perſon, their poore hate
Will be ſtarv'd here, for Envy ſhall not find
One touch that may be wreſted to her mind;
And yet deſpaire not Gentlemen, the Play
Is Quick and Witty, ſo the Poets ſay.
And we beleeve them, the Plot Neat and New,
Faſhioned by thoſe that are approv'd by you;
Only 'twill crave attention in the moſt,
Becauſe one point unmask'd the whole is loſt;
Heare firſt then, and judge after, and be free,
And as our cauſe is let our Cenſure be.

The Epilogue.

WHy there ſhould be an Epilogue to a Play,
I know no cauſe, the old and uſuall way
For which they were made, was to entreat the grace
Of ſuch as were Spectators in this place;
And time, 'tis to no purpoſe, for I know
What you reſolve already to beſtow
Will not be alter'd whatſoe're I ſay
In the behalfe of us, and of the Play,
Only to quit our doubts, if you thinke fit,
You may, or cry it up, or ſilence it.

Another Prologue for the ſame Play.

VVE wiſh, if it were poſſible, you knew
What we would give for this nights look, if new,
It being our Ambition to delight
Our kind Spectators with what's good and right,
Yet ſo far known, and credit me 'twas made
By ſuch as were held workmen in their Trade;
At a time too, when they, as I divine,
Were truly merry, and dranke luſty Wine,
The Nectar of the Muſes; ſome are here,
I dare preſume, to whom it did appeare
A well-drawn piece, which gave a lawfull birth
To paſſionate Scenes mixt with no vulgar mirth,
But unto ſuch to whom 'tis known by fame
From others, perhaps only by the name;
I am a Suitor, that they would prepare
Sound Pallats, and then judge their bill of fare.
It were injuſtice to diſcry this now,
For being lik'd before you may allow
Your Candor ſafe what's taught in the old Schooles,
All ſuch as lived before you were not fooles.

The Epilogue.

I Spake much in the Prologue for the Play,
To its detert I hope, yet you might ſay,
Should I change now from that which then was meant,
Or in a ſyllable grow leſſe confident,
I were weak-hearted, I am ſtill the ſame,
In my opinion, and forbeare to frame
Quallification, or excuſe, if you
Concur with me, and hold my judgement true;
Shew it with any ſigne, and from this place,
And ſend me off exploded, or with grace.

The Prologue to the Play called The Noble Gentleman.

VVIt is become an Antick, and puts on
As many ſhapes of variation,
To court the Times applauſe, as the times dare
Change ſeverall faſhions, nothing is thought rare
Which is not new and follow'd; yet we know
That what was worne ſome twenty yeare ago,

Comes

Comes into grace againe, and we purſue
That Cuſtome by preſenting to your view
A Play in faſhion then, not doubting now
But 'twill appeare the ſame if you allow
Worth to their Noble memory, whoſe name,
Beyond all power of death live in their fame.

The Epilogue.

THe Monuments of vertue and deſert
Appeare more goodly when the gloſſe of Art
Is eaten off by Time, than when at firſt
They were ſet up, not cenſured at the worſt;
We have done our beſt, for your contents to fit,
With new paines this old Monument of Wit.

The

The Prologue to the *Play*, called, *The Captaine.*

TO please you with this Play we feare will be
(So does the Author too) a myſtery
Somewhat above our Art, for all mens Eyes,
Eares, Faith, and Judgements are not of one ſize;
For to ſay truth and not to flatter ye,
This is nor Comedy, nor Tragedy,
Nor Hiſtory, nor any thing that may
(Yet in a weeke) be made a perfect play;
Yet thoſe that love to laugh, and thoſe that think
Twelve pence goes further this way than in drinke,
Or Damſels; If they marke the matter through,
May ſtumble on a fooliſh toy or two,
Will make them ſhew their teeth: pray, for my ſake,
That likely am your firſt man, do not take
A diſtaſte before you feele it, for ye may
When this is hiſt to Aſhes have a play.
And here to out-hiſſe this be patient then,
(My honour done) you are welcome Gentlemen.

The Epilogue.

IF you miſlike (as you ſhall ever be
Your own free Judges) this Play utterly,
For your own Nobleneſſe yet do not hiſſe,
But as you go by, ſay it was amiſſe,
And we will mend, chide us, but let it be;
Never let it be in coole bloud. O' my honeſty,
If I have any, this I'le ſay for all,
Our meaning was to pleaſe you ſtill, and ſhall.

Firſt Song to the Play, called, *The Captaine.*

TEll me deareſt what is Love?
'Tis a lightning from above,
'Tis an Arrow, 'tis a fire,
'Tis a Boy they call deſire.
Both. *'Tis a Grave*
Gapes to have
Thoſe poore fooles that long to prove.

1 *Tell me more, are women true?*
2 *Yes ſome are, and ſome as you;*

Some

Some are willing, some are strange,
Since you men first taught to Change.
Both. And till troth
Be in both,
All shall love to love anew.

Tell me more, yet can they grieve?
Yes, and sicken sore, but live:
And by wise and delay
When you men are as wise as they;
Both. Then I see
Faith will be
Never till they both beleeve.

The second Song.

AWay Delights, go seeke some other dwelling,
For I must dye;
Farewell false love thy tongue is ever telling
Lye after Lye.
Ne ever let me rest now from thy Smarts,
Alas for pitty go
And fire their hearts
That have been hard to thee, mine was not so.

Never againe deluding love shall know me,
For I will dye:

And all thoſe griefes that thinke to over-grow me,
Shall be as I;
For ever will I ſleepe while poore maids cry,
Alas, for pitty ſtay,
And let us dye,
With thee men cannot mock us in the day.

The third Song.

COme hither you that love and heare me ſing
Of Joyes ſtill growing,
Greene, freſh, and luſty, as the Pride of Spring,
And ever blowing;
Come hither youths that bluſh and dare not know
What is deſire,
And old men worſe than you, that cannot blow
One ſparke of fire;
And with the power of my enchanting Song
Boyes ſhall be able men, and old men yong.

Come hither you that hope, and you that cry,
Leave off complaining,
Youth, Strength, and beauty that ſhall never dye,
Are here remaining.
Come hither fooles and bluſh you ſtay ſo long
From being bleſt,
And Mad men worſe than you, that ſuffer wrong,
Yet ſeeke no reſt;
And in an houre with my enchanting Song
You ſhall be ever pleas'd, and young maids long.

Songs to the Play, called, *The Beggers Bush.*

The first Song.

CAst our Caps and Care away: this is Beggers holiday.
At the Crowning of our King thus we ever dance and sing;
In the world look out & see, wher so happy a Prince as he?
Where the Nation live so free, and so merry as do we;
Be it peace, or be it war, here at liberty we are,
And enjoy our ease and rest, to the Field we are not prest:
Nor are call'd into the Town to be troubled with the Gown,
Hang all Offices we cry, and the Magistrate too by;
When the Subsidies encreast, we are not a penny eeast;
Now will any goe to law with the Begger for a straw,
All which happinesse he brags he doth owe unto his Rags.

The second Song.

TAke her and tug her,
And turne her and hug her,
And turne againe boy, againe;
Then if she mumble,
Or if her taile tumble,
Kisse her amaine boy, amaine.

Do thy endeavour
To take off her Feaver,
Then her diſeaſe no longer will raigne,

If nothing will ſerve her
Then thus to preſerve her,
Swing her amaine boy, amaine.
Give her cold Jelly
To take up her belly,
And once a day ſwing her again:
If ſhe ſtand all theſe paines,
Then knock out her braines,
Her diſeaſe no longer will reigne.

The third Song.

BRing out your Cony-skins faire maids to me,
And hold 'em faire that I may ſee,
Gray, Blacke, and blew; for your ſmaller skins
I'le give ye looking-glaſſes pins;
And for your whole Coney, here's ready, ready money.
Come Gentle Joane *do thou begin*
With thy blacke, blacke, blacke Coney-skin,
And Mary *then and* Jane *will follow*
With their ſilver hair'd skins and their yellow;
The white Coney-skin I will not lay by,
For though it be faint 'tis faire to the eye;
The Gray it is warme, but yet for my money
Give me the bonny, bonny black Coney.

Come away faire maids, your skins will decay,
Come and take money maids, put your ware away.
Coney-skins, Coney-skins, have ye any Coney-skins,
I have fine Bracelets, and fine silver pins.

The Prologue to the *Play*, called, *The Coxcombe.*

THis Comedy long forgot, by some thought dead,
By us preserved, once more doth raise her head;
And to your Noble censures does present
Her outward forme, and inward ornament.
Nor let this smell of Arrogance, since 'tis known
The makers that confest it for their own,
Were this way skilfull, and without the Crime
Of flatteries, I might say, did please the time;
The worke it selfe too, when it first came forth,
In the opinion of men of worth,
Was well receiv'd and favour'd, though some rude
And harsh among the Ignorant multitude,
That relish grosse food better than a dish
(That's cook'd with care, and serv'd in to the wish
Of curious Pallats) wanting wit and strength
Truly to judge, condemn'd it for the length,
That faults reform'd, and now 'tis to be tri'd
Before such Judges, 'twill not be deny'd
A free and Noble hearing, nor feare I
But 'twill deserve to have free liberty,

And give you cauſe (and with content) to ſay,
Their care was good that did revive this Play.

The Epilogue.

'Tis ended, but my hopes and feare begin,
Nor can it be imputed as a ſin
In me to wiſh it favour, if this night
To the judicious it hath given light,
I have my ends, and may ſuch, for their grace
Vouchſafe to this, find theirs in every place.

The Prologue to the Tragedy, called, *The falſe One.*

NEw Titles warrant not a Play for new,
The Subject being old and 'tis as true;
Freſh and neat matter may with eaſe be fram'd
Out of their Stories, that have oft been nam'd
With glory on the Stage: what borrows he
From him that wrought old *Priams* Tragedy
That writes his love to *Hecuba*? ſure to tell
Of *Cæſars* amorous heats, and how he fell

In

In the Capitall, can never be the ſame
To the Judicious: nor will ſuch blame
Thoſe that penn'd this for barrenneſſe, when they find
Young *Cleopatra* here, and her great mind
Expreſs'd to th' height, with us a Maid and free,
And how he rated her Virginity:
We treat not of what boldneſſe ſhe did dye,
Nor of her fatall love to *Anthony*;
What we preſent and offer to your view
(Upon their Faiths) the Stage yet never knew;
Let reaſon then firſt to your wils give Laws,
And after judge of them, and of their cauſe.

The Epilogue.

I Now ſhould wiſh another had my place,
But that I hope to come off, and with grace,
And but expreſſe ſome ſigne that you are pleas'd,
We of our doubts, they of their feares are eas'd;
I would beg further (Gentlemen) and much ſay
In the favour of our ſelves, them, and the Play,
Did I not reſt aſſured? the moſt I ſee
Hate Impudence, and cheriſh Modeſty.

First Song to the False One, a Tragedy.

Look out bright Eyes, and blesse the Aire,
Even in shaddows you are faire:
Shut up, beauty is like fire
That breakes out clearer still and higher;
Though your body be confin'd,
And lost love a pris'ner bound,
Yet the beauty of your mind,
Neither Cheeke, nor Chaine hath found.
Looke out Nobly then, and dare,
Even the Fetters that you weare.

The second Song.

Isis the Goddesse of this Land
Bids thee (great Cæsar) understand
And marke our Customes, and first know
With greedy eyes, these watch the flow
Of plenteous Nilus *when he comes*
With Songs, with Dances, Timbrels, Drums,
They entertaine him, cut his way,
And give his proud heads leave to play;
Nilus *himselfe shall rise and shew*
His matchlesse wealth in overflow.

The third Song.

COme let us help the Reverend Nyle,
He's very old (alas the while)
Let us dig him easie waies,
And prepare a thousand plaies
To delight his streams, let's sing
A loud welcome to our spring;
This way let his curling heads
Fall into our new-made beds;
This way let his wanton spawns
Friske and glide it o're the Lawns;
This way profit comes and gaine,
How he tumbles here amaine.
How his waters haste to fall
In our Channell, labour all
And let him in: let Nylus *flow,*
And perpetuall plenty show;
With Incense let us blesse the brim,
And as the wanton Fishes swim,
Let us Gums, and Garlands fling,
And loud our Timbrels ring;
Come, (old Father) come away,
Our Labour is our Holiday.

Isis. *Here comes the aged River now,*
With Garlands of great Pearle his brow,
Begirt and rounded, in his flow
All things take life, and all things grow;

A Thousand wealthy treasures still
To do him service at his will,
Follow his rising Flood, and powre
Perpetuall blessings in our store.
Heare him, and next there will advance
His Sacred Heads to tread a Dance
In honour of my Royall Guest,
Marke them too, and you have a Feast.

The fourth Song.

MAke roome, for my rich waters fall,
And blesse my Flood,
Nylus *come flowing to you all*
Encrease and good.
Now the Plants and Flowers shall spring,
And the merry Ploughman sing.
In my hidden waves I bring
Bread, and Wine, and every thing;
Let the Damsels sing me in,
Sing aloud that I may rise:
Your Holy Feasts and houres begin,
And each man brings a Sacrifice;
Now my wanton Pearles I show
That to Ladies faire necks grow;
Now my Gold
And Treasures that can ne're be told,
Shall blesse this Land by my rich Flow;
And after this to crown your eyes,
My hidden holy bed arise.

The Prologue to the Play, called, *The Chances.*

A Ptneſſe for mirth to all this inſtant night
Thalia hath prepar'd for your delight;
Her choice and curious Vyands in each part,
Seaſon'd with rarities of wit, as Art.
Nor feare I to be tax'd for a vaine boaſt,
My promiſe will find credit with the moſt,
When they know ingenious *Fletcher* made it, he
Being in himſelfe a perfect Comedy;
And ſome ſit here, I doubt not, dare averre,
Living, he made that houſe a Theater
Which he pleas'd to frequent; and thus much we
Could not but play to his loud memory.
For our ſelves we do intreat that you would not
Expect ſtrange turnes and windings in the Plot,
Objects of State, and now and then a Rhime
To gaule particular perſons with the time;
Or that his towring Muſe hath made her flight
Nearer your apprehenſion than your ſight:
But if that ſweet Expreſſion, quick Conceit,
Familiar Language faſhion'd to the weight,
Of ſuch as ſpeake it have the power to raiſe
Your grace to us, with Trophies to his praiſe;
We may profeſſe, preſuming on his skill,
If his Chances pleaſe not you, our fortune's ill.

The

The Epilogue.

WE have not held you long,
One brow in this ſelected Company
Aſſuring a diſlike our paines were eas'd,
Could we be confident that all riſe pleas'd,
But ſuch ambition ſoares too high: If we
Have ſatisfied the beſt, and they agree
In a faire Cenſure, we have our reward,
And in them Arm'd deſire no ſurer guard.

The Prologue to the Play, called, *The Loyall Subject.*

WE need not Noble Gentlemen to invite
Attention, pre-inſtruct you who did write
This worthy Story, being confident
The Mirth joyn'd with grave matter, and intent,
To yield the hearers profit with delight,
Will ſpeake the maker, and to do him right
Would aske a Genius like to his; the Age
Mourning his loſſe, and our now widdowed ſtage

In

In vaine lamenting, I could adde ſo far,
Behind him the moſt Moderne writers are;
That when they would commend him their beſt praiſe
Ruins the buildings which they ſtrive to raiſe.
To his beſt memory ſo much a friend,
Preſumes to write ſecure, 'twill not offend
The living that are modeſt with the reſt,
That may repine he cares not to conteſt:
This Debt to *Fletcher* paid it is profeſt,
But us the Actors we will do our beſt
To ſend ſuch favouring friends, as hither come
To grace the Scene, pleas'd and contented home.

The Epilogue.

THough ſomething well aſſur'd, few here repent,
Three houres of pretious time or money ſpent
On our endeavours, yet not to relie
Too much upon our care and induſtry:
Tis fit we ſhould aske but a modeſt way
How you approve our Action in the Play;
If you vouchſafe to crown it with applauſe,
It is your bounty, and give us cauſe
Hereafter with a generall conſent
To ſtudy, as becomes us, your content.

First Song to the Play, called, *The Loyall Subject.*

BRoome, Broome, the bonny Broome,
Come buy my Birchen Broome,
I'th' Wars we have no more roome,
Buy all my bonny Broome.
For a kisse take two,
If those will not do,
For a little, little pleasure,
Take all my whole treasure;
If all these will not do't,
Take the Broome man to boot;
Broome, Broome, the bonny Broome.

The second Song.

THe Wars are done and gone,
And Souldiers now neglected Pedlers are;
Come maidens, come along,
For I can shew you handsome, handsome ware,
Powders for for the head,
And drinkes for your bed
To make ye blith and bonny;
As well in the night we Souldiers can fight,
And please a young wench as any.

The

The third Song.

WIll ye buy any honesty? come away,
I sell it openly by day;
I bring no forced light, nor no Candle
To cozen ye; come buy and handle.
This will shew the great man good,
The Tradesman where he sweares and lies,
Each Lady of a Noble blood,
The City Dame to rule her Eyes:
Ye are Rich men now, come buy, and then
I'le make ye richer, honest men.

The fourth Song.

HAve ye any trackt maidenheads to new teach or mend?
Have ye any old maidenheads to sell, or to change?
Bring 'em to me with a little pretty gin,
I'le clout 'em, I'le mend 'em, I'e knock in a pin
Shall make 'em as good maids agen
As ever they have been.

The Prologue to the Play, called, *The Lovers Progresse.*

A Story, and a known one, long since writ,
Truth must take place, and by an able wit,
Foule-mouth'd detraction daring not deny
To give so much to *Fletchers* memory;
If so, some may object, why then do you
Present an old Piece to us for a new?
Or wherefore will your profest Writer be
(Not tax'd of Theft before) a Plagary?
To this he answers in his just defence,
And to maintaine to all our innocence,
Thus much, though he hath travel'd the same way,
Demanding, and receiving too the pay
For a New Poem, you may find it due,
He having neither cheated us nor you;
He vows, and deeply, that he did not spare
The utmost of his strength, and his best care
In the reviving it; and though his powers
Could not, as he desir'd, in three short houres
Contract the Subject, and much lesse expresse
The Changes, and the various Passages
That will be look'd for; you may heare this day
Some Scenes that will confirme it is a Play,
He being ambitious that it should be known
What's good was *Fletchers*, and what ill his own.

The

The Epilogue.

STill doubtfull and perplexed too, whether he
Hath done *Fletcher* right in the Hiſtory;
The Poet ſits within, ſince he muſt know it,
He with reſpect deſires that you would ſhew it
By ſome accuſtom'd ſigne; if from our Action
Or his Endeavours you meet ſatisfaction,
With ours he hath his ends, we hope the beſt,
To make that certainty in you doth reſt.

First Song to the *Lovers Progreſſe.*

ADieu fond Love, farewell you wanton powers,
I am free againe;
Thou dull diſeaſe of bland and idle houres,
Bewitching paine.
Fly to the Fooles that ſigh away their time,
My Nobler love to heaven clime,
And there behold beauty ſtill young,
That time can ne're corrupt, nor death deſtroy;
Immortall ſweetneſſe by faire Angels ſung,
And honour'd by eternity and joy:
There lives my Love, thither my hopes aſpire,
Fond love declines, this heavenly love grows higher.

The ſecond Song.

'Tis late and cold, ſtir up the fire,
Sit cloſe and draw the Table nigher;
Be merry, and drinke wine that's old,
'A hearty Med'cine 'gainſt a cold.
Your beds of wanton down the beſt:
Where you ſhall tumble to your reſt:
I could wiſh you wenches too,
But I am dead and cannot do;
Call for the beſt, the houſe may ring,
Sack, White, and Clarct let them bring.
And drinke apace while breath you have,
You'l find but cold drinke in the grave;
Plover, Partridge for your dinner,
And a Capen for the ſinner,
You ſhall find ready when you are up,
And your horſe ſhall have his ſup:
Welcome ſhall fly round,
And I ſhall ſmile though under ground.

Songs to the Play, called, *The Maid in the Mill.*

The first Song.

COme follow me, you Country Laſſes,
And you ſhall ſee ſuch ſport as paſſes:
You ſhall dance, and I will ſing,
Pedro *he ſhall rub the ſtring:*
Each ſhall have a Looſe-bodied Gown
Of Greene; and langh till you lye down.
Come follow me, come follow, &c.

The ſecond Song.

HOw long ſhall I pine for love?
How long ſhall I ſue in vaine?
How long, like the Turtle Dove,
Shall I heartily thus complaine?
Shall the ſailes of my love ſtand ſtill?
Shall the griſts of my hopes be unground?
Oh fie, oh fie, oh fie,
Let the Mill, let the Mill go round.

The third Song.

ON the bed I'le threw thee, throw thee down;
Down being laid, ſhall we be afraid
To try the rights that belong to love?
No, no, there I'le wooe thee with a Crown.
Crown our deſires, kindle the fires;
When love requires we ſhould wanton prove,
Wee'l kiſſe, wee'l ſport, wee'l laugh, wee'l play,
If thou com'ſt ſhort for thee I'le ſtay;
If thou unskilfull art the ground,
I'le kindly teach, wee'le have the Mill go round.

The fourth Song.

THinke me ſtill in my Fathers Mill,
Where I have oft been found—a
Throwne on my back on a well fill'd ſack
While the Mill has ſtill gone round—a
Prethee Sirrah try thy skill,
And againe let the Mill go round—a.

The fifth Song.

THe young one, the old one, the fearefull, the bold one,
The lame one, though ne're ſo unſound,
The Jew or the Turke have leave for to worke
The whil'ſt that the Mill goes round.

The Prologue to the Play, called, *The Paſſionate Mad-man.*

IT's grown in faſh'on of late in theſe daies
To come and beg a ſuffrance to our Plaies;
Faith Gentlemen our Poet ever writ
Language ſo good, mixt with ſuch ſprightly wit;
He made the Theatre ſo ſoveraigne
With his rare Scenes, he ſcorn'd this crouching veine.
We ſtab'd him with keene daggers when we pray'd
Him write a Preface to a Play well made;
He could not write theſe toyes, 'twas eaſier far
To bring a Fellon to appeare at th' Bar:
So much he hated baſeneſſe, which this day
His Scenes will beſt convince you of in's play.

The Epilogue.

OUr Poet bid us ſay, for his own part,
He cannot lay too much forth of his Art;
But feares our over-acting Paſſions may,
As not adorne, deface his labour'd Play:
Yet ſtill he is reſolute for what is writ
Of nicer valour, and aſſumes the wit;
But for the love Sceanes which he ever meant,
Cupid in's Petticoat ſhould repreſent;
Hee'l ſtand no ſhock of Cenſure, the Play's good,
He ſaies he knows it (if well underſtood)
But we (blind God) beg, if thou art divine,
Thou'lt ſhoot thy Arrowes round, this Play was thine.

Songs to the Play, called, *The Nice Valour*: Or, *The Paſſionate Mad-man.*

The firſt Song.

THou Deity, ſwift winged love,
Sometimes below, ſometimes above,
Little in ſhape, but great in power,
Thou that makeſt a heart thy Tower,

And

And thy loope-holes, Ladies eyes,
From whence thou ſtrik'ſt the fond and wiſe.
Did all the ſhafts in thy faire Quiver
Stick faſt in my ambitious Liver;
Yet thy power would I adore,
And Call upon thee to ſhoot more;
Shoot more, ſhoot more.

The ſecond Song.

O Turne thy bow,
Thy power we feele and know,
Faire Cupid *turne away thy bow:*
They be theſe golden Arrows
Bring Ladies all their ſorrowes,
And till there be more truth in men,
Never ſhoot at maids agen.

The third Song.

HEnce all you vaine delights,
As ſhort as are the nights
Wherein you ſpend your folly;
There's nonght in this life ſweet,
If man were wiſe to ſee't,
But only Melancholly,
O ſweeteſt Melancholly.

Welcome

Welcome folded armes and fixed eyes,
A ſight that piercing mortifies;
A looke that's faſtned to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a ſound.
Fountain heads, and pathleſſe Graves,
Places which pale Paſſion loves:
Moon-light walkes, when all the Fowles
Are warmely hous'd ſave Bats and Owles.
A midnight Bell, a parting groane,
Theſe are the ſounds we feed upon:
Then ſtretch our Lones in a ſtill gloomy valley,
Nothing ſo dainty, ſweet, as lovely Melancholly.

The fourth Song.

A Curſe upon thee for a ſlave;
Art thou here and heard'ſt me rave?
Flie not ſparkles from mine eye
To ſhew mine indignation nigh;
Am I not all foame and fire,
With voice as hoarſe as a Town Crier?
How my back opes and ſhuts together
With fury as old mens with weather;
Could'ſt thou not heare my teeth gnaſh hither?

The fifth Song.

THou Nasty scurvy Mungrill Toad,
Mischiefe on thee,
Light upon thee
All the plagues
That can confound thee,
Or did ever raigne abroad;
Better a thousand lives it cost
Then have brave anger spilt or lost.

The sixth Song.

Pas. *OH how my Lungs do trickle? ha,ha,ha.*
Bas. *Oh how my Lungs do trickle? oh,oh,ho,ho.*

Pas. sings.

Set a sharpe Jest
Against my breast,
Then how my Lungs do trickle;
As Nightingales,
And things in Cambrick railes
Sing best against a prickle.
Ha,ha,ha, ha.

Bas. *Ho,ho,ho,ho,ha.*
Pas. *Laugh.* Bas. *Laugh.* Pas. *laugh.* Bas. *laugh.*

Pas.

Pas. *Wide.* Bas. *loud.* Pas. *and vary.*
Bas. *A smile is for a simp'ring Novice.*
Pas. *One that ne're tasted Caveare.*
Bas. *Nor knows the smack of deare Anchovis.*
Pas. *Ha,ha,ha,ha,ha.*
Bas. *Ho,ho,ho,ho,ho.*
Pas. *A giling waiting wench for me,*
That shewes her teeth how white they be.
Bas. *A thing not fit for gravity,*
For theirs are foule and hardly three.
Pas. *Ha,ha,ha.*
Bas. *Ho,ho, ho.*
Pas. Democritus, *thou ancient Fleerer,*
Now I misse thy laugh, and ha since.
Bas. *There you nam'd the famous Jeerer*
That ever jeer'd in Rome *or* Athens.
Pas. *Ha,ha,ha.*
Bas. *Ho,ho, ho.*
Pas. *How brave lives he that keeps a foole,*
Although the rate be deeper.
Pas. *But he that is his own foole sir*
Does live a great deale cheaper.
Pas. *Sure I shall burst, burst, quite breake, thou art so witty.*
Bas. *'Tis rare to breake at Court, for that belongs to th' Citty.*
Pas. *Ha,ha, my spleene is almost worn to the last laughter.*
Bas. *O keepe a corner for a friend, a jest may come hereafter.*

The Prologue to the *Tamer Tamed.*

Ladies to you, in whose defence and right
Fletchers brave Muse prepar'd her selfe to fight,
A battle without bloud, 'twas well fought too,
(The Victorie's yours, though got with much adoe.)
We do present this Comedy, in which
A rivulet of pure wit flows, strong and rich
In Fancy, Language, and all parts that may
Adde Grace and Ornament to a merry Play,
Which this may prove: Yet not to go too far
In promises from this our Female war,
We do intreat the angry men would not
Expect the Mazes of a subtle plot,
Set speeches, high expressions, and what's worse,
In a true Comedy Politique discourse.
The end we aime at, is to make you sport;
Yet neither gaule the City, nor the Court:
Heare and observe his Comique straine, and when
Y' are sick of Melancholly, see't agen.
'Tis no deare Physick, since 'twill quit the cost,
Or his Intentions with our paines are lost.

The Epilogue.

THe Tamers tam'd, but ſo, as nor the men
Can find one juſt cauſe to complaine of, when
They fitly do conſider in their lives
They ſhould not raigne as Tyrants or'e their wives;
Nor can the woman from this preſident
Inſult or triumph: it being aptly meant
To teach both Sexes due equality;
And as they ſtand bound to love mutually.
If this effect ariſing from a cauſe
Well laid, and grounded, may deſerve applauſe,
We ſomething more then hope, our honeſt ends
Will keep the men and women too, our friends.

The Prologue to the *Martiall Maid.*

STatues and Pictures challenge praiſe and Fame,
If they can juſtly boaſt, and prove they came
From *Phydeas* or *Apelles:* None deny,
Poets and Picture Painters hold a Sympathy;
Yet their workes may decay and loſe their grace,
Receiving blemiſh in their Limbs or Face;

When

When the Minds Art hath this Preheminence
She ſtill retaineth her firſt Excellence.
Then why ſhould not this deare peece be eſteem'd
Child to the richeſt Fancies that e're teem'd?
When not their meaneſt Off-ſpring that came forth
But bore the image of their Fathers worth,
Beaumonts and *Fletchers*, whoſe deſert out-weighs
The beſt Applauſe, and their leaſt ſprig of Bayes
Is worthy *Phœbus*; and who comes to gather
Their fruits of Wit, he ſhall not rob the Treaſure;
Nor can you ever ſurfeit of the plenty,
Nor can you call them rare, though they be dainty:
The more you take, the more you do them right,
And we will thanke you for your own delight.

The Epilogue.

OUr Author feares there are ſome Rebels hearts,
Whoſe dulneſſe doth oppoſe Loves piercing Darts;
Such will be apt to ſay there wanted wit,
The Language low, very few Scenes are writ
With ſpirit and life; ſuch odd things as theſe
He cares not for, nor never meanes to pleaſe;
For if your ſelves a Miſtris, or loves friends,
Are lik'd with this ſmooth Play, he hath his ends.

A Song to the Play, called, *Wit at ſeverall Weapons.*

FAine would I wake you, Sweet, but feare
I ſhould invite you to worſe cheare;
In your dreames you cannot fare
Meaner than Muſick, no compare;
None of your ſlumbers are compil'd
Under the pleaſure makes a Child:
Your day-delights, ſo well compact,
That what you thinke, turnes all to Act;
I'de wiſh my life no better play,
Your dreame by night, your thought by day.
Wake gently, wake,
Part ſoftly from your dreames;
The morning flies,
To your faire eyes,
To take her ſpeciall beames.

The

The Prologue to the *Faire Maid of the Inne.*

PLaies have their fates, not as in their true ſence
They're underſtood, but as the influence
Of idle cuſtome madly works upon
The droſſe of many tongu'd opinion.
A worthy ſtory, howſoever writ
For language, modeſt mirth, conceit, or wit,
Meerits oftimes with the ſweet Commendation
Of hang't 'tis ſcurvey, when for approbation,
A Jigge ſhall be clapt at, and every Rhime
Prais'd and applauded by a clam'rous chyme;
Let ignorance and laughter dwell together,
They are beneath the Muſes petty. Hether
Came Nobler Judgements, and to thoſe the ſtraine
Of our invention is not bent in vaine.
The faire maid of the Inne to you commends
Her hopes and welcomes, and withall intends
In the entertaines to which ſhe doth invite ye,
All things to pleaſe, and ſome things to delight ye.

The Epilogue.

VVE would faine pleaſe ye, and as faine be pleas'd,
'Tis but a little liking both are eas'd;
We have your money, and you have our ware,
And to our underſtanding good and faire;
For your own wiſdomes ſake be not ſo mad
To acknowledge ye have bought things deare and bad:
Let not a brack i'th' ſtuffe, or here and there,
The fading gloſſe a generall loſſe appeare;
We know ye take up worſe Commodities,
And dearer pay, yet thinke your bargains wiſe:
We know in meat and wine, ye fling away
More time and wealth, which is but dearer pay;
And with the Reckoning all the pleaſure loſt,
We bid you not unto repenting coſt:
The price is eaſie, and ſo light the Play,
That ye may new digeſt it ev'ry day.
Then Noble friends, as ye would chooſe a Miſtris,
Only to pleaſe the Eye a while and kiſſe,
Till a good wife be got; So let this Play
Hold ye a while, untill a better may.

First Song to the Tragedy of *Valentinian.*

NOw the lusty spring is seene,
Golden, yellow, gaudy blew,
Daintily invite the view.
Every where, on every Greene,
Roses blushing as they blow,
And inticing men to pull,
Lillies whiter than the snow,
Woodbines of sweet honey full.
All Loves Emblems, and all cry,
Ladies, if not pluck'd we dye.

Yet the lusty Spring hath stayd,
Blushing red and purest white,
Daintily to love invite,
Every woman, every maid,
Cherries kissing as they grow,
And inviting men to taste,
Apples even ripe below,
Winding gently to the waste.
All loves Emblems, and all cry,
Ladies, if not pluckt, we dye.

The ſecond Song.

HEare ye Ladies that deſpiſe
What the mighty love hath done;
Feare Examples, and be wiſe,
Faire Caliſto *was a Nun.*
Leda *ſailing on the ſtreame,*
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dreame,
Doted on a ſilver Swan;
Danae *in a brazen Tower,*
Where no love was, loov'd a Flower.

Heare ye Ladies that are coy,
What the mighty love can do,
Feare the fierceneſſe of the Boy,
The chaſte Moone he makes to wooe.
Veſta *kindling holy fires*
Circled round about with ſpies,
Never dreaming looſe deſires,
Doting at the Altar dies.
Ilion *in a ſhort Tower higher,*
He can once more build, and once more fire.

The third Song.

HOnour that is ever living,
Honour that is ever giving,
Honour that ſees all, and knows
Both the ebbs of man and flowes.
Honour that rewards the beſt,
Sends thee thy rich labours reſt;
Thou haſt ſtudied ſtill to pleaſe her,
Therefore now ſhe cals thee Cæſar.
Chorus *haile, haile,* Cæſar, *haile and ſtand,*
And thy name out-live the Land;
Noble Fathers to his brows
Bind this wreath with thouſand vows.

The fourth Song.

GOd Lizus *ever young,*
Ever renown'd, ever ſung;
Stain'd with blood of luſty Grapes,
In a thouſand luſty ſhapes;
Dance upon the Mazers brim,
In the Crimſon Liquor ſwim;
From thy plentious hand divine,
Let a River run with Wine;
God of youth let this day here
Enter neither care nor feare.

The Prologue to the *Play*, called, *Loves Pilgrimage.*

TO this place, Gentlemen, full many a day
We have bid ye welcome; and to many a Play:
And thoſe whoſe angry ſoules were not diſpleas'd
With law, or lending money, we have pleas'd,
And make no doubt to do againe; this night
No mighty matter, nor no light,
We muſt intreat you looke for: A good tale,
Told in two houres, we will not faile
If we be perfect to rehearſe ye: New
I am ſure it is, and handſome; but how true
Let them diſpute that writ it. Ten to one
We pleaſe the women, and I would know that man
Follows not their example: If ye meane
To know the Play well, travell with the Scene,
For it lies upon the road; if we chance tire,
As ye are good men leave us not i'th' mire,
Another bait may mend us: If you grow
A little gald or wearie, cry but hoa,
And wee'l ſtay for ye; when our journey ends
Every man's Pot I hope, and all part friends.

The

The Honeſt Man's Fortune.

You that can look through heaven, and tell the Stars,
Obſerve their kind Conjunctions, and their wars;
Find out new lights, and give them where you pleaſe,
To theſe men honours, pleaſures, to thoſe eaſe;
You that are Gods ſurveyers, and can ſhow
How far, and when, and why the Wind doth blow;
Know all the charges of the dreadfull Thunder,
And when it will ſhoot over, or fall under:
Tell me by all your Art, I conjure ye,
Yes, and by truth, what ſhall become of me;
Find out my ſtar, if each one, as you ſay,
Have his peculiar Angell, and his way;
Obſerve my Fate, next fall into your dreames,
Sweep cleane your houſes, and new line your ſceames,
Then ſay your worſt: or have I none at all?
Or is it burnt out lately, or did fall?
Or am I poore, not able, no full flame,
My Star, like me, unworthy of a name?
Is it your Art can only worke on thoſe
That deale with dangers, dignities and cloaths?
With love, or new opinions? you all lye,
A Fiſh-wife hath a Fate, and ſo have I,
But far above your finding; he that gives
Out of his providence to all that lives,
And no man knows his treaſure, no, not you:
He that made *Egypt* blind, from whence you grew

Scabby and Louſie, that the world might ſee
Your Calculations are as blind as ye;
He that made all the ſtars you daily read,
And from thence filtch a knowledge how to feed,
Hath hid this from you, your conjectures all
Are drunken things, not how, but when they fall:
Man is his own ſtar, and the ſoule that can
Render an honeſt and a perfect man,
Command all light, all influence, all fate,
Nothing to him fals early, or too late;
Our Acts our Angels are, or good, or ill,
Our fatall ſhadows that walke by us ſtill;
And when the ſtars are labouring, we believe
It is not that they governe, but they grieve
For ſtubborne ignorance; all things that are
Made for our generall ules are at war,
Even we among our ſelves, and from the ſtrife
Your firſt unlike opinions got a life.
O man, thou Image of thy Makers good,
What canſt thou feare when breath'd into thy blood
His Spirit is that built thee? what dull ſence
Makes thee ſuſpect, in need, that providence?
Who made the Morning, and who plac'd the light
Guide to thy labours? who call'd up the night,
And bid her fall upon thee like ſweet ſhow'rs
In hollow murmurs, to lock up thy powers?
Who gave thee knowledge, who ſo truſted thee
To let thee grow ſo neare himſelfe, the tree?
Muſt he then be diſtruſted? ſhall his frame
Diſcourſe with him, why thus, and thus I am?
He made the Angels thine, thy fellows all,
Nay even thy ſervants when Devotions call:
O canſt thou be ſo ſtupid then, ſo dim,
To ſeeke a ſaving influence, and loſe him?

Can

Can ſtars protect thee? or can poverty,
Which is the light to heaven, put out his eye?
He is my ſtar, in him all truth I find,
All influence, all fate, and when my mind
Is furniſhed with his fulneſſe, my poore ſtory
Should out-live all their Age, and all their glory.
The hand of Danger cannot fall amiſſe,
When I know what, and in whoſe power it is:
Nor want, the cauſe of man, ſhall make me groane,
A holy Hermit is a mind alone.
Doth not experience teach us all we can
To worke our ſelves into a glorious man?
Love's but an Exhalation to beſt eyes,
The matter ſpent, and then the fooles fire dies;
Were I in love, and could that bright ſtar bring
Increaſe to wealth, honour, and ev'ry thing;
Were ſhe as perfect good as we can aime,
The firſt was ſo, and yet ſhe loſt the game.
My Miſtris then be knowledge, and faire truth;
So I enjoy all beauty, and all youth:
And though to Time her lights and Laws ſhe lends,
She knows no Age that to corruption bends.
Friends promiſes may lead me to believe,
But he that is his own friend knows to live;
Affliction when I knovv it is but this,
A deep allay vvhereby man tougher is
To beare the hammer, and the deeper ſtill,
We ſtill ariſe more Image of his vvill;
Sickneſſe an hum'rous cloud 'tvvixt us and light,
And death, at longeſt, but another night.
Man is his ovvn ſtar, and that ſoule that can
Be honeſt, is the only perfect man.

Mr Fran-

Mr Francis Beaumont's *Letter to* Ben Iohnſon, *written before he and Mr* Fletcher *came to* London, *with two of the precedent Comedies then not finiſhed, which deferred their merry meetings at the* Mermaid.

THe Sun which doth the greateſt comfort bring
To abſent friends, becauſe the ſelfe-ſame thing
They know they ſee, however abſent is,
(Here our beſt hay-maker, forgive me this,
It is our Countries ſtile) in this warme ſhine
I lie and dreame of your full Mermaid wine;
O we have water mixt with Claret Lees,
Drinke apt to bring in drier hereſies
Than here, good only for the Sonnets ſtraine,
With Fuſtian Metaphors to ſtuffe the braine;
So mixt, that given to the thirſtieſt one
'Twill not prove Almes, unleſſe he have the ſtone:
Thinke with one draught mans Invention fades,
Two Cups had quite ſpoil'd *Homers Iliades*;
'Tis Liquor that will find out *Sutclifts* Wit,
Like where he will, and make him write worſe yet;
Fill'd with ſuch moyſture, in moſt grievous Qualmes
Did *Robert Wiſdome* write his ſinging Pſalmes:

And

And ſo muſt I do this, and yet I thinke
It is a potion ſent us down to drinke
By ſpeciall providence, keeps us from fights,
Make us not laugh when we make legs to Knights:
'Tis this that keeps our minds fit for our ſtates,
A Medicine to obey our Magiſtrates;
For we do live more free than you, no hate,
No envy at one anothers happy ſtate
Moves us, we are all equall every whit;
Of Land that God gives men, here is their wit
If we conſider fully for our beſt,
And graveſt men will with his maine houſe jeſt,
Scarce pleaſe you, we want ſubtilty to do
The City Tricks, lye, hate, and flatter too;
Here are none that can beare a painted ſhow,
Strike when you winch, and then lament the blow;
Who like Mils, ſet the right way for to grind,
Can make their gaines alike with ev'ry wind:
Only ſome fellows with the ſubtil'ſt pate
Amongſt us, may perchance equivocate
At ſelling of a Horſe, and that the moſt;
Methinks the little wit I had is loſt
Since I ſaw you, for a wit is like a reſt,
Held up a tennis, which men do the beſt
With the beſt Gameſters: what things have we ſeen
Done at the *Mermaid*? Hard words that have been
So nimble, and ſo full of ſubtill flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a Jeſt,
And had reſolv'd to live a foole the reſt
Of his dull life; then when there hath been thrown
Wit able enough to juſtifie the Town
For three daies paſt, wit that might warrant be
For the whole City to take fooliſhly

Till

Till that were cancell'd, and when that was gone
We left an aire behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next Companies
Right witty, though but down-right fooles more wiſe:
When I remember this, and ſee that now
The Country Gentlemen begin t' allow
My wit for dry bobs, then I needs muſt cry,
I ſee my daies of Ballating grow nigh;
I can already riddle, and can ſing
Catches, ſell bargaines, and I feare ſhall bring
My ſelfe to ſpeake the hardeſt words I find
Over as oft as any with one wind
That takes no med'cines: but one thought of thee
Makes me remember all theſe things to be
The wit of our young men, fellows that ſhow
No part of good, yet utter all they know;
Who, like trees of the guard, have growing ſoules,
Only ſtrong Deſtiny, which all controules,
I hope hath left a better fate in ſtore
For me, thy friend, than to live ever poore.
Baniſht unto this home-fate once againe,
Bring me to thee, who canſt make ſmooth and plaine
The way of knowledge for me, and then I,
Who have no good but in thy company,
Proteſt it will my greateſt comfort be
To acknowledge all I have to flow from thee.
Ben, when theſe Scenes are perfect wee'l taſte Wine,
I'le drinke thy Muſes health, thou ſhalt quaffe mine.

On Francis Beaumonts *Death.*

HE that had Youth, and Friends, and ſo much Wit
As would aske five good Wits to husband it:
He that hath wrote ſo well, that no man dare
Refuſe it for the beſt, let him beware,
Beaumont is dead, by which our Art appeares,
Wit's a diſeaſe conſumes one in few yeares.

An Elegy upon Mr Fran. Beaumont.

B*Eaumont* lies here, and where now ſhall we have
A Muſe, like his, to ſigh upon his grave?
Ah none to weep this with a worthy teare,
But he that cannot, *Beaumont*, that lies here;
Who now ſhall pay this tombe with ſuch a verſe,
As thou that Ladies did'ſt, faire *Rudlands* hearſe?
A monument that will then laſting be,
When all her marble is more duſt than ſhe:
In thee all's loſt, a ſudden dearth and want
Hath ſeiz'd on wit, good Epitaphs are ſcant:
We dare not write thy Elegy, for each feares
He ne're ſhall match a copy of thy teares;

Scarce

Scarce yet in age a Poet, and yet he
Scarce lives the third part of his age to ſee;
But quickly taken off, and only known,
Is in a minute ſhut as ſoone as blown.
Why ſhould weake nature tyre her ſelfe in vaine,
In ſuch a peece, and caſt it ſtraight againe?
Why ſhoud ſhe take ſuch worke beyond her skill,
And when ſhe cannot perfect ſhe muſt kill;
Alas, what is't to temper ſlime and mire?
Then's nature puſſel'd when the work's intire:
Great braines, like bright glaſs, crackle ſtraight, while thoſe
Of ſtone and wood hold out and feare no blows;
And we their ancient hoary heads can ſee,
Whoſe wit was never their moſtality.
Beaumont dies young, ſo *Sydney* dy'd before,
There was not Poetry, he could live no more:
He could not grow up higher, nay, I ſcarce know,
If th'art it ſelfe unto that pitch could grow,
Wer't not in thee, who hadſt arriv'd to th' height
Of all that Art could reach, or nature might.
Oh, when I read thoſe excellent things of thine,
Such ſtrength, ſuch ſweetneſſe, couch'd in every line;
Such life of fancy, ſuch high choice of braine,
Nought of the vulgar mint, or borrow'd ſtraine;
Such paſſions, ſuch expreſſions, meet mine eye,
Such wit untainted with obſcenity:
And theſe ſo unaffectedly expreſt,
But all in a pure flowing language dreſt;
So new, ſo freſh, ſo nothing trod upon,
And all ſo borne within thy ſelfe, thine own:
I grieve not now that old *Meanders* veine
Is ruin'd, to ſurvive in thee againe:
Such in his time was he, of the ſame peece,
The ſmooth, even naturall wit, and love of *Greece*;

Whoſe

Whoſe few ſententious fragments ſhew more worth
Than all the Poets *Athens* e're brought forth:
And I am ſorry I have loſt thoſe houres
On them, whoſe quickneſſe comes far ſhort of ours,
And dwelt not more on thee, whoſe every page
May be a patterne to their Scene and age;
I will not yeeld thy worth ſo meane a praiſe,
More pure, more chaſte, more ſainted than are plaies:
Nor with that dull ſupineneſſe to be read,
To paſſe a fire, or laugh an houre in bed:
How do the Muſes ſuffer every where?
Taken in ſuch mouths, cenſur'd in ſuch eares;
That 'twixt a whiffe, a line or two rehearſe,
And with their Rheume together, ſpawle a verſe:
'Tis all a Punies leaſure after play,
Drinke and Tobacco, it may ſpend the day;
Whilſt even their very idleneſſe they thinke,
Is loſt in theſe, that loſe their times in drinke:
Pitty their dulneſſe; we that better know,
Will a more ſerious houre on thee beſtow;
Why ſhould not *Beaumont* in the morning pleaſe,
As well as *Plautus*, *Ariſtophanes*?
Who if my pen may, as my faults, be free,
Were humble wits, and Buffoons both to thee:
Yet thoſe our learned of ſevereſt brow,
Will deigne to looke on, and ſo note them too;
That will defie our own, his Engliſh ſtuffe,
And th' Authour is not rotten long enough:
Alas, how ill are they compar'd to thee,
In thy *Philaſter*, or maids Tragedy?
Where's ſuch a humour as thy *Beſſus*? nay,
Let them put all their treaſures in one Play,
He ſhall out-bid them, their conceit was poore,
All in the circle of a Bawd or Whore,

A cozening —— take the foole away,
And not a good jeſt extant in a Play:
Yet theſe are wits, th'are old, that's it, and now
Be'ng Greeke, or Latin, they are learning too;
But thoſe their own times were content t'allow
A thriftier fame, and thine is loweſt now,
But thou ſhalt live, and when thy name is grown
Six ages elder, ſhalt be better known:
When th'art of *Chaucers* ſtanding in thy tombe,
Thou ſhalt not ſhame, but take up all his roome.

J. EARLE.

The

On William Shakeſpeare.

REnowned *Spencer* lye a thought more nigh
To learned *Chaucer*, and rare *Beaumont* lye
A little nearer *Spencer*, to make roome
For *Shakeſpeare* in your threefold, fourfold tombe,
To lodge all foure in one bed make a ſhift
Untill Dooms day, for hardly will a fifth
Betwixt this day and that by Fates be ſlaine,
For whom your curtaines may be drawn againe.
If your precedency in death do barre
A fourth place in your ſacred ſepulchre,
Under this ſacred Marble of thine owne,
Sleep rare Tragœdian *Shakeſpeare!* ſleep alone.
Thy unmoleſted peace in an unſhared Cave,
Poſſeſſe as Lord, not Tenant of thy grave;
That unto us, and others it may be,
Honour hereafter to be laid by thee.

On Ben Johnſon.

HEre lies *Johnſon* with the reſt
Of the Poets; but the beſt
Reader, wo'dſt thou more have known?
Aske his Story, not this Stone;
That will ſpeake what this can't tell
Of his glory. So farewell.

Another on Ben Johnſon.

THe Muſes faireſt light in no darke time;
The wonder of a learned Age; the Line
That none can paſſe; the moſt proportion'd wit
To Nature; the beſt Judge of what was fit:
The deepeſt, plaineſt, higheſt, cleareſt pen;
The voice moſt eccho'd by conſenting men:
The ſoule which anſwer'd beſt to all well ſaid
By others; and which moſt requitall made:
Tun'd to the higheſt key of ancient *Rome*,
Returning all her muſick with her owne;
In whom with nature, ſtudy claim'd a part,
And yet who to himſelfe ow'd all his Art.
Here lyes *Ben Johnſon*, every age will look
With ſorrow here, with wonder on his Book.

On

On Mr Edm. Spencer, *Famous Poet.*

AT *Delphos* ſhrine, one did a doubt propound,
Which by th' Oracle muſt be releaſed,
Whether of Poets were the beſt renow'nd:
Thoſe that ſurvive, or they that are deceaſed?
The Gods made anſwer by divine ſuggeſtion,
While *Spencer* is alive, it is no queſtion.

On Michael Drayton *buried in* Weſtminſter.

DOe pious Marble, let thy Readers know,
What they, and what their children ow
To *Drayton's* ſacred name, whoſe duſt
We recommend unto thy truſt.
Protect his memory, preſerve his ſtory,
And a laſting Monument of his glory;
And when thy ruines ſhall diſclaime
To be the Treaſury of his name,
His name which cannot fade, ſhall be
An everlaſting monument to thee.

On the Tombes in Weſtminſter.

MOrtality, behold, and feare,
What a change of fleſh is here!
Thinke how many Royall bones
Sleep within theſe heap of Stones;
Here they lye, had Realmes, and Lands,
Who now want ſtrength to ſtir their hands;
Where from their pulpits ſeal'd with duſt,
They preach, In Greatneſſe is no truſt.
Here's an Acre ſown indeed,
With the richeſt, royall'ſt ſeed,
That the earth did e're ſuck in
Since the firſt man dy'd for ſin:
Here the bones of birth have cry'd,
Though Gods they were, as men they dy'd:
Here are Sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd ſides of Kings.
Here's a world of Pomp and State
Buried in Duſt, once dead by Fate.

The Ex-Ale-tation of ALE.

NOt drunken, nor ſober, but neighbour to both,
I met with a friend in *Aleſ-bury* Vale;
He ſaw by my face, that I was in the caſe
To ſpeake no great harme of a *Pot of good Ale.*

Then did he me greet, and ſaid, ſince we meet,
(And he put me in mind of the name of the Dale)
For *Ales-bury's* ſake ſome paines I would take,
And not *bury* the praiſe of a *Pot of good Ale.*

The more to procure me, then he did adjure me
If the *Ale* I dranke laſt were nappy and ſtale,
To do it its right, and ſtir up my ſprite,
And fall to commend a &c.

Quoth I, To commend it I dare not begin,
Leſt therein my Credit might happen to faile;
For, many men now do count it a ſin,
But once to look toward a &c.

Yet I care not a pin, for I ſee no ſuch ſin,
Nor any thing elſe my courage to quaile:
For, this we do find, that take it in kind,
Much vertue there is in a &c.

And I mean not to taſte, though thereby much grac't,
Nor the *Merry-go-down* without pull or hale,
Perfuming the throat, when the ſtomack's afloat,
With the fragrant ſweet ſent of a &c.

Nor yet the delight that comes to the *ſight*
To ſee how it flowers and mantles in graile,
As green as a *leeke*, with a ſmile in the checke,
The true orient colour of a &c.

But I meane the *Mind*, and the good it doth find;
Not only the *Body* ſo feeble and fraile:
For *Body* and *Soule* may bleſſe the *Black Bowle*,
Since both are beholden to a &c.

For, when *heavineſſe* the mind doth oppreſſe,
And *ſorrow* and *griefe* the heart do aſſaile,
No remedy quicker than to take off your liquor,
And to waſh away *cares* with a &c.

The *Widdow* that buried her husband of late,
Will ſoon have forgotten to weep and to waile,
And thinke ev'ry day twaine, till ſhe marry againe,
If ſhe read the contents of a &c.

It is like a *belly-blaſt* to a *cold heart*,
And warms, and engenders the *ſpirits vitale*,
To keep them from domage, all *ſp'rits* owe their homage,
To the *Sp'rite of the Buttery* a &c.

And

And down to the *legs* the vertue doth go,
And to a bad *Foot-man* is as good as a *saile*;
When it fils the veines, and makes light the braines,
No *Lackey* so nimble as a &c.

The *naked* complains not for want of a Coat,
Nor on the cold weather will once turne his taile;
All the way as he goes he cuts the wind with his nose,
If he be but well wrapt in a &c.

The hungry man takes no thought for his meat,
Though his stomack would brook a *ten-penny* naile;
He quite forgets hunger, thinks on it no longer,
If he touch but the sparkes of a &c.

The *Poore man* will praise it, so hath he good cause,
That all the yeare eats neither *partridge* nor *quaile*,
But sets up his rest, and makes up his feast
With a crust of *brown bread*, and a &c.

The *Shepheard*, the *Sower*, the *Thresher*, the *Mower*,
The one with his *Scyth*, the other with his *flaile*,
Take them out by the poll, on the perill of my soll,
All will hold up their hands to a &c.

The *Black-Smith*, whose bellows all summer do blow,
With the fire in his face still, without e're a vaile,
Though his throat be full dry, he will tell you a lye,
But where you may be sure of a &c.

Who ever denies it, the Pris'ners will praise it,
That beg at the grate, and lye in the *Goale*:
For, even in their *fetters*, they thinke themselves better,
May they get but a two-penny black pot of *Ale*.

The begger whoſe portion is alwaies his prayers,
Not having a tatter to hang on his taile,
Is as rich in his rags, as the churle in his bags,
If he once but ſhakes hands with a &c.

It drives his poverty cleane out of mind,
Forgetting his *brown bread*, his *wallet*, and *maile*;
He walks in the houſe like a *ſix-footed Louſe*,
If once he be enricht with a &c.

And he that doth *dig* in the *ditches* all day,
And wearies himſelfe quite at the *plough-taile*,
Will ſpeake no leſs things than of *Queens* and of *Kings*,
If he touch but the top of a &c.

'Tis like a Whetſtone to a *blunt wit*,
And makes a ſupply where Nature doth faile:
The dulleſt wit ſoon will look quite through the Moon,
If his temples be wet with a &c.

Then DICK to his *Dearling*, full boldly dares ſpeake,
Though, before (ſilly fellow) his courage did quaile,
He gives her the *ſmouch*, with his hand on his pouch,
If he meet by the way with a &c.

And it makes the *Carter* a *Courtier* ſtraight-way,
With Rhetoricall termes he will tell his tale;
With *Courteſies* great ſtore, and his Cap up before,
Being ſchool'd but a little with a &c.

The *Old man*, whoſe tongue wags faſter than his teeth,
(For old-age by nature doth drivell and drale)
Will frig and will fling, like a dog in a ſtring,
If he warme his cold blood with a &c.

And

And the good *Old Clarke*, whoſe ſight waxeth darke,
And ever he thinkes the Print is to ſmall,
He will ſee every letter, and ſay Service better,
If he glaze but his eyes with a &c.

The *Cheekes* and the *Jaws* to commend it have cauſe;
For where they were late but even wan and pale,
They will get them a colour, no *Crimſon* is fuller,
By the true die and tincture of a &c.

Marke her enemies, though they thinke themſelves wiſe,
How *meager* they look, with how low a waile,
How their cheeks do fall, without ſp'rits at all,
That alien their minds from a &c.

And now that the grains do worke in my brains,
Me thinks I were able to give by retaile
Commodities ſtore, a dozen and more,
That flow to Mankind from a &c.

The MUSES would muſe any ſhould it miſuſe:
For it makes them to ſing like a *Nightingale*,
With a lofty trim note, having waſhed their throat
With the *Caballine* Spring of a &c.

And the *Muſician* of any condition,
It will make him reach to the top of his *Scale*:
It will cleare his pipes, and moiſten his lights,
If he drink *alternatim* a &c.

The *Poet* divine, that cannot reach wine,
Becauſe that his money doth many times faile,
Will hit on the veine to make a good ſtreine,
If he be but *inſpired* with a &c.

For

For *Ballads ELDERTON* never had Peere,
How went his wit in them, with how merry a gale;
And with all the ſailes up, had he been at the cup,
And waſhed his beard with a &c.

And the power of it ſhows, no whit leſſe in *Proſe*,
It will file one's phraſe, and ſet forth his tale:
Fill him but a boule, it will make his tongue troule,
For *flowing ſpeech* flows from a &c.

And *Maſter Philoſopher*, if he drinke his part,
Will not trifle his time in the *huske* or the *ſhale*,
But go to the *kernell* by the depth of his Art,
To be found in the bottome of a &c.

Give a *Scholar* of *OXFORD* a pot of *Sixteen*,
And put him to prove that an *Ape* hath no *taile*,
And ſixteen times better his wit will be ſeen,
If you fetch him from *Botley* a &c.

Thus it helps *Speech* and *Wit*: And it hurts not a whit,
But rather doth further the *Virtues Morale*,
Then thinke it not much if a little I touch
The good morall parts of a &c.

To the *Church* and *Religion* it is a good friend,
Or elſe our fore-fathers their wiſdome did faile,
That at every mile, next to the *Church* ſtile,
Set a *conſecrate houſe* to a &c.

But now, as they ſay, *Beere* beares it away;
The more is the pitty, if right might prevaile:
For, with this ſame *Beer*, came up *Hereſie* here,
The old *Catholick Drinke* is a &c.

The *Churches* much ow, as we all do know;
For when they be drooping and ready to fall,
By a *Whitſon* or *Church-ale*, up againe they ſhall go,
And owe their *repairing* to a &c.

Truth will do it right, it brings *Truth* to light,
And many bad matters it helps to reveale:
For, they that will drinke, will ſpeake what they thinke;
T O M *tell-troth* lies hid in a &c.

It is *Juſtices* friend, ſhe will it commend,
For, all is here ſerved by *meaſure* and *tale*;
Now, *true-tale*, and *good meaſure* are *Juſtices* treaſure,
And much to the praiſe of a &c.

And next I alleadge, it is *Fortitudes* edge:
For a very Cow-heard, that ſhrinkes like a ſnaile,
Will ſweare and will ſwagger, and out goes his dagger,
If he be but arm'd with a &c.

Yea, A L E hath her *Knights* and *Squires* of degree,
That never wore Corſlet, nor yet ſhirt of maile,
But have fought their fights all, 'twixt the pot and the wall,
When once they were dub'd with a &c.

And ſure it will make a man ſuddenly *wiſe*,
E're-while was ſcarce able to tell a right tale:
It will open his jaw, he will tell you the *Law*,
As made a right *Bencher* of a &c.

Or he that will make a *bargaine* to gaine,
In *buying*, or *ſetting* his goods forth to *ſale*,
Muſt not plod in the mire, but ſit by the fire,
And ſeale up his Match with a &c.

But

But for *Soberneſſe* needs muſt I confeſſe,
The mater goes hard: And few do prevaile
Not to go too deep, but *temper* to keep,
Such is the *Attractive* of a &c.

But here's an amends, which will make all friends,
And ever doth tend to the beſt availe;
If you take it too deep it will make you but ſleep;
So comes no great harme of a &c.

If (reeling) they happen to fall to the ground,
The fall is not great, they may hold by the Raile:
If into the water, they cannot be drown'd,
For that gift is given to a &c.

If drinking about they chance to fall out,
Feare not the *Alarm*, though fleſh be but fraile,
It will prove but ſome blows, or at moſt a bloudy noſe,
And friends againe ſtraight with a &c.

And *Phyſick* will favour ALE as it is bound,
And be againſt *Beere* both tooth and naile:
They ſend up and down all over the Town
To get for their Patients a &c.

Their *Ale-berries*, *Cawdles*, and *Poſſets* each one,
And *Syllabubs* made at the Milking-paile,
Although they be many, *Beere* comes not in any,
But all are compoſed with a &c.

And in very deed the *Hop's* but a weed,
Brought o're againſt Law, and here ſet to ſale:
Would the Law were renew'd, and no more *Beere* brew'd,
But all good men betake them to a &c.

The

The *Law*, that will take it under her wing:
For, at every *Law-day*, or *Moot of the hale*,
One is ſworne to ſerve our *Soveraigne* the KING,
In the ancient *Office* of a CONNER of ALE.

There's never a Lord of *Manner* or of *Town*,
By ſtrand or by land, by hill or by dale,
But thinks it a *Franchiſe*, and a *Flow'r* of the CROWN,
To hold the *Aſſize* of a &c.

And though there lie *Writs*, from the *Courts Paramount*,
To ſtay the proceedings of the *Courts Paravaile*;
Law favours it ſo, you may come, you may go,
There lies no *Prohibition* to a &c.

They talke much of *State* both early and late,
But if *Gaſcoign* and *Spain* their *Wine* ſhould but faile,
No remedy then, with us *Engliſhmen*,
But the *State* it muſt ſtand by a &c.

And they that ſit by it are good men and quiet,
No dangerous *Plotters* in the Common-weale
Of *Treaſon* and *Murder*: For, they never go further
Than to call for, and pay for a &c.

To the praiſe of *GAMBRIVIUS* that good *Britiſh King*
That deviſ'd for his Nation (by the *Welſhmen's* tale)
Seventeen hundred yeares before CHRIST did ſpring,
The happy invention of a &c.

The *North* they will praiſe it, and praiſe it with paſſion,
Where every *River* gives name to a *Dale*:
There men are yet living that are of th' old faſhion,
No *Nectar* they know but a &c.

The

The *PICTS* and the *SCOTS* for A L E were at lots,
So high was the skill, and ſo kept under ſeale:
The *PICTS* were undone, ſlaine each mothers ſon,
For not teaching the *SCOTS* to make *Hether Eale.*

But hither or thither, it skils not much whether:
For Drinke muſt be had, men live not by *Keale*,
Nor by *Havor-bannocks*, nor by *Havor-jannocks*,
The thing the *SCOTS* live on is a &c.

Now, if you will ſay it, I will not denay it,
That many a man it brings to his bale:
Yet what fairer end can one wiſh to his friend,
Than to dye by the part of a &c.

Yet let not the innocent beare any blame,
It is their own doings to breake o're the pale:
And neither the *Malt*, nor the good wife in fault,
If any be potted with a &c.

They tell whom it kils, but ſay not a word,
How many a man liveth both ſound and hale,
Though he drinke no *Beere* any day in the yeare,
By the *Radicall humour* of a &c.

But, to ſpeake of *Killing*, that am I not willing;
For that, in a manner, were but to raile:
But *Beere* hath its name, 'cauſe it brings to the *Biere*,
Therefore well-fare ſay I to a &c.

Too many (I wis) with their deaths proved this,
And therefore (if ancient Records do not faile)
He that firſt brew'd the *Hop* was rewarded with a *rope*,
And found his *Beere* far more *bitter* than A L E.

O *ALE ab olendo*, thou *Liquor* of LIFE!
That I had but a mouth as big as a *Whale*!
For mine is too little to touch the leaſt tittle
That belongs to the praiſe of a &c.

Thus I trow) ſome *Vertues* I have marked you out,
And never a *Vice* in all this long traile,
But that after the *Pot* there commeth a *Shot*,
And that's th' only *blot* of a &c.

With that my Friend ſaid, That *Blot* will I beare;
You have done very well, it is time to ſtrike ſaile,
Wee'l have ſix pots more though I dye on the ſcore,
To make all this good of a *Pot of good ALE.*

The

The Good Fellow.

WHen ſhall we meet againe to have a taſte
Of that tranſcendent Ale we dranke of laſt?
What wild ingredient did the woman choſe
To make her drinke withall? It made me loſe
My wit before I quencht my thirſt; there came
Such whimſies in my braine, and ſuch a flame
Of fiery drunkenneſſe had ſing'd my noſe,
My beard ſhrunke in for feare; there were of thoſe
That tooke me for a Comet, ſome afar
Diſtant remote, thought me a blazing ſtar:
The earth methought, juſt as it was, it went
Round in a wheeling courſe of merriment;
My head was ever drooping, and my noſe
Offering to be a ſuiter to my toes;
My pock-hole face, they ſay, appear'd to ſome
Juſt like a dry and burning honey-combe;
My tongue did ſwim in Ale, and joy'd to boaſt
It ſelfe a greater Seaman than the toaſt;
My mouth was grown awry, as if it were
Lab'ring to reach the whiſper in mine eare;
My guts were mines of ſulphur, and my ſet
Of parched teeth ſtruck fire as they met:
Nay, when I piſt, my Urine was ſo hot,
It burnt a hole quite through the chamber-pot:
Each *Brewer* that I met I kiſsd, and made
Suit to be bound Apprentice to the Trade:

One

One did approve the motion, when he ſaw,
That my own legs could my Indentures draw.
Well Sir, I grew ſtarke mad, as you may ſee
By this adventure upon Poetry.
You eaſily may gueſſe, I am not quite
Grown ſober yet, by theſe weak lines I write:
Onely I do't for this, to let you ſee,
Whos'ere paid for the Ale, I'm ſure't paid me.

The vertue of Sack.

FEtch me *Ben Johnſon's* ſcull, and fill't with Sack,
Rich as the ſame he drank, when the whole pack,
Of jolly ſiſters pledg'd, and did agree,
It was no ſin to be as drunk as he:
If there be any weakneſſe in the wine,
There's vertue in the Cup to make't divine;
This muddy drench of Ale does taſte too much
Of earth, the Mault retaines a ſcurvy touch
Of the dull hand that ſows it; and I feare
There's hereſie in hops; give blockheads beere,
And ſilly *Ignoramus*, ſuch as think
There's powder-treaſon in all *Spaniſh* drink,
Call Sack an Idoll; we will kiſſe the Cup,
For feare the Conventicle be blown up
With ſuperſtition; away with Brew-houſe alms,
Whoſe beſt mirth is ſix ſhillings beere and qualms.
Let me rejoice in ſprightly Sack, that can
Create a braine even in an empty pan.

Canary I it's thou that doſt inſpire
And actuate the ſoule with heavenly fire.
Thou that ſublim'ſt the Genius-making wit,
Scorne earth, and ſuch as love, or live by it.
Thou mak'ſt us Lords of Regions large and faire,
Whil'ſt our conceits build Caſtles in the aire:
Since fire, earth, aire, thus thy inferiours be,
Henceforth I'le know no element but thee:
Thou precious *Elixar* of all Grapes,
Welcome, by thee our Muſe begins her ſcapes,
Such is the worth of Sack; I am (me thinks)
In the *Exchequer* now, hark how it chinks,
And do eſteeme my venerable ſelfe
As brave a fellow, as if all the pelfe
Were ſure mine own; and I have thought a way
Already how to ſpend it; I would pay
No debts, but fairly empty every trunk,
And change the Gold for Sack to keep me drunk;
And ſo by conſequence till rich *Spaines* wine
Being in my crown, the *Indies* too were mine:
And when my brains are once afoot (heaven bleſs us!)
I think my ſelfe a better man than *Cræſus*.
And now I do conceit my ſelfe a Judge,
And coughing, laugh to ſee my Clients trudge
After my Lordſhips Coach unto the Hall
For Juſtice, and am full of law withall,
And do become the Bench as well as he
That fled long ſince for want of honeſty:
But I'le be Judge no longer, though in jeſt,
For feare I ſhould be talk'd with like the reſt
When I am ſober; Who can chuſe but think
Me wiſe that am ſo wary in my drink?
Oh admirable Sack! here's dainty ſport,
I am come back from *Weſtminſter* to Court,

And

And am grown young againe; my Ptiſick now
Hath left me, and my Judges graver brow
Is ſmooth'd, and I turn'd amorous as *May*,
When ſhe invites young Lovers forth to play
Upon her flowry boſome: I could win
A Veſtall now, or tempt a Queen to ſin.
Oh for a ſcore of Queens! you'd laugh to ſee
How they would ſtrive which firſt ſhould raviſh me:
Three Goddeſſes were nothing: Sack has tipt
My tongue with charmes like thoſe which *Paris* ſipt
From *Venus*, when ſhe taught him how to kiſſe
Faire *Hellen*, and invite a fairer bliſſe:
Mine is *Canary-Rhetorick*, that alone
Would turne *Diana* to a burning ſtone;
Stone with amazement, burning with loves fire,
Hard to the touch, but ſhort in her deſire.
Ineſtimable Sack! thou mak'ſt us rich,
Wiſe, amorous, any thing; I have an itch
To t'other cup, and that perchance will make
Me valiant too, and quarrell for thy ſake.
If I be once inflam'd againſt thy foes
That would preach down thy worth in ſmall-beere proſe,
I ſhall do miracles as bad, or worſe,
As he that gave the King an hundred horſe:
T'other odde Cup, and I ſhall be prepar'd
To ſnatch at Stars, and pluck down a reward
With mine own hands from *Jove* upon their backs
That are, or *Charles* his enemies, or Sacks:
Let it be full, if I do chance to ſpill
Over my Standiſh by the way, I will
Dipping in this diviner inke, my pen,
Write my ſelfe ſober, and fall to't agen.

Canto, *In the praiſe of Sack.*

Liſten all I pray,
To the words I have to ſay,
In memory ſure inſert 'um:
Rich wines do us raiſe
To the honour of baies,
Quem non fecere diſertum?

Of all the juice,
Which the Gods produce,
Sack ſhall be preferr'd before them;
'Tis *Sack* that ſhall
Create us all,
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.

We abandon all Ale,
And Beere that is ſtale,
Roſa-ſolis, and damnable hum:
But we will crack
In the praiſe of *Sack*,
'Gainſt *Omne quod exit in um.*

This is the wine,
Which in former time,
Each wiſe one of the Magi
Was wont to carouſe
In a frolick bouſe,
Recubans ſub tegmine fagi.

Let

Let the hop be their bane,
And a rope be their ſhame,
Let the gout and collick pine um,
That offer to ſhrink,
In taking their drink,
Sea Græcum, ſive Latinum.

Let the glaſſe go round,
Let the quart-pot ſound,
Let each one do as he's done to:
Avant ye that hug
The abominable Jug,
'Mongſt us *Heteroclita ſunto.*

There's no ſuch diſeaſe,
As he that doth pleaſe
His palate with Beere for to ſhame us:
'Tis Sack makes us ſing,
Hey down a down ding,
Muſa paulo majora canamus.

He is either mute,
Or doth poorly diſpute,
That drinks ought elſe but wine O:
The more wine a man drinks,
Like a ſubtile Sphinx
Tantum valet ille loquendo.

'Tis true, our ſoules,
By the lowſie bowles
Of Beere that doth nought but ſwill us,
Do go into ſwine,
(*Pythagoras* 'tis thine)
Nam vos mutaſtis & illos.

When I've Sack in my braine,
I'm in a merry vaine,
And this to me a bliſſe is:
Him that is wiſe,
I can juſtly deſpiſe:
Mecum confertur Ulyſſes.

How it cheares the brains,
How it warms the vains,
How againſt all croſſes it arms us!
How it makes him that's poore
Couragiouſly roare,
Et mutatas dicere formas.

Give me the boy,
My delight and my joy,
To my *tantum* that drinks his *tale*:
By Sack that he waxes
In our Syntaxes,
Eſt verbum perſonale.

Art thou weake or lame,
Or thy wits too blame?
Call for Sack, and thou ſhalt have it,
'Twill make thee riſe,
And be very wiſe,
Cui vim natura negavit.

We have frolick rounds,
We have merry go downs,
Yet nothing is done at rodome;
For when we are to pay
We club and away,
Id eſt commune notandum.

The

The blades that want caſh
Have credit for craſh,
They'l have Sack whatever it coſt 'um;
They do not pay
Till another day,
Manet alta mente repoſtum.

Who ne'r failes to drink
All cleare from the brink,
With a ſmooth and even ſwallow,
I'le offer at his ſhrine,
And call it divine,
Et erit mihi magnus Apollo.

He that drinks ſtill,
And never hath his fill,
Hath a paſſage like a Conduit,
The Sack doth inſpire
In rapture and fire,
Sic æther æthera fundit.

When you merrily quaffe,
If any do off,
And then from you needs will paſſe ye,
Give their noſe a twitch,
And kick them in the britch,
Nam componuntur ab aſſe.

I have told you plain,
And tell you again,
Be he furious as *Orlando*,
He is an aſſe
That from hence doth paſſe,
Niſi bibit ab oſtia ſtando.

The answer of Ale *to the challenge of* Sack.

COme, all you brave wights,
That are dubbed Ale-knights,
Now set out your selves in sight:
And let them that crack
In the praises of Sack
Know *Malt* is of mickle might.
Though Sack they define
To holy divine,
Yet it is but naturall liquor:
Ale hath for its part
An addition of Art,
To make it drinke thinner or thicker.
Sacks fiery fume
Doth waste and consume
Mens *humidum radicale*;
It scaldeth their livers,
It breeds burning feavers,
Proves *vinum venenum reale.*
But History gathers,
From aged forefathers,
That Ale's the true liquor of life:
Men liv'd long in health,
And preserved their wealth,
Whil'st Barley-broth only was rife.
Sack quickly ascends,
And suddenly ends
What company came for at first:

And

And that which yet worſe is,
It empties mens purſes
Before it halfe quencheth their thirſt.
Ale is not ſo coſtly,
Although that the moſt lye
Too long by the oyle of Barley;
Yet may they part late
At a reaſonable rate,
Though they came in the morning early.
Sack makes men from words
Fall to drawing of ſwords,
And quarrelling endeth their quaffing;
Whil'ſt dagger-ale barrels
Beare off many quarrels,
And often turne chiding to laughing.
Sack's drinke for our Maſters,
All may be Ale-taſters,
Good things the more common the better.
Sack's but ſingle broth:
Ale's meat, drink, and cloath
Say they that know never a letter.
But not to entangle
Old friends till they wrangle,
And quarrell for other mens pleaſure;
Let Ale keep his place,
And let Sack have his grace,
So that neither exceed the due meaſure.

The

The Triumph of Tobacco *over* Sack *and* Ale.

NAy, ſoft, by your leaves,
Tobacco bereaves
You both of the garland: forbeare it;
You are two to one,
Yet Tobacco alone
Is like both to win it, and weare it.
Though many men crack,
Some of Ale, ſome of Sack,
And thinke they have reaſon to do it;
Tobacco hath more,
That will never give o're
The honour they do unto it.
Tobacco engages
Both ſexes, all ages,
The poore as well as the wealthy;
From the court to the cottage,
From childhood to dotage,
Both thoſe that are ſick and the healthy.
It plainly appeares
That in a few yeares
Tobacco more cuſtome hath gained
Than Sack, or than Ale,
Though they double the tale
Of the times wherein they have reigned.

And

And worthily too;
For what they undo,
Tobacco doth help to regaine,
On fairer conditions
Than many Phyſitions,
Puts an end to much griefe and paine.
It helpeth digeſtion,
Of that there's no queſtion,.
The gout,and the toothach, it eaſeth:
Be it early, or late,
'Tis never out of date,
He may ſafely take it that pleaſeth.
Tobacco prevents
Infection by ſents,
That hurt the brain,and are heady;
An Antidote is,
Before you're amiſſe,
As well as an after remedy.
The cold it doth heat,
Cooles them that do ſweat,
And them that are fat maketh leane:
The hungry doth feed,
And, if there be need,
Spent ſpirits reſtoreth againe.
Tobacco infuſed
May ſafely be uſed
For purging,and killing of lice:
Not ſo much as the aſhes
But heales cuts and ſlaſhes,
And that out of hand in a trice.
The Poets of old
Many fables have told
Of the Gods and their *Sympoſia*:

But

But Tobacco alone,
Had they known it, had gone
For their *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*.
It is not the smack
Of Ale, or of Sack,
That can with Tobacco compare:
For taste, and for smell,
It beares away the bell
From them both where ever they are.
For all their bravado,
It is Trinidado
That both their noses will wipe
Of the praises they desire,
Unlesse they conspire
To sing to the tune of his pipe.

Turpe est difficiles habere nugas.

The

The praiſes of a Country Life.

HAppy is he, that from all Buſineſſe cleere,
As the old race of Mankind were,
With his own Oxen tils his Sires left lands,
And is not in the Uſurers bands:
Nor Souldier-like ſtarted with new Alarms,
Nor dreads the Seas inraged harms:
But flees the Barre and Courts, with the proud bords,
And waiting Chambers of great Lords.
The Poplar tall, he then doth marrying twine
With the grown iſſue of the Vine;
And with his hooke lops off the fruitleſſe race,
And ſets more happy in the place:
Or in the bending Vale beholds a-farre
The lowing Herds there grazing are:
Or the preſt honey in pure pots doth keepe
Of earth, and ſheares the tender ſheepe:
Or when that Autumne, through the fields lifts round
His head, with mellow Apples crown'd,
How plucking Peares, his own hand grafted had,
And purple-matching Grapes, he's glad!
With which, *Priapus*, he may thanke thy hands,
And *Sylvane*, thine that keptſt his Lands!
Then now beneath ſome ancient Oake he may
Now in the rooted Graſſe him lay,
Whilſt from the higher Bankes do ſlide the floods:
The ſoft birds quarrell in the woods,

The

The fountaines murmure as the ſtreames do creep,
And all invite to eaſie ſleep.
Then when the thundring *Jove*, his Snow and ſhowres
Are gathering by the Wintry houres;
Or hence, or thence, he drives with many a Hound
Wild Bores into his toyles pitch'd round:
Or ſtraines on his ſmall forke his ſubtill nets
For th' eating Thruſh, or Pit-fals ſets:
And ſnares the fearfull Hare, and new-come Crane,
And 'counts them ſweet rewards ſo ta'ne.
Who (amongſt theſe delights) would not forget
Loves cares ſo evill, and ſo great?
But if, to boot with theſe, a chaſte Wife meet
For houſhold aid, and Children ſweet;
Such as the *Sabines*, or a Sun-burnt-blowſe,
Some luſty quick *Apulians* ſpouſe;
To deck the hallow'd Harth with old wood fir'd
Againſt the Husband comes home tir'd;
That penning the glad Flock in Hurdles by
Their ſwelling udders doth draw dry:
And from the ſweet Tub, Wine of this yeare takes,
And unbought viands ready makes:
Not Lucrine Oyſters I could then more prize,
Nor Turbot, nor bright Golden eyes,
If with bright flouds, the Winter troubled much,
Into our Seas ſend any ſuch:
Th' *Ionian* God-wit, nor the *Ginny* Hen
Could not go down my belly then
More ſweet than Olives, that new gathered be
From fatteſt branches of the Tree:
Or the herb Sorrell, that loves Meadows ſtill,
Or Mallows looſing bodies ill:
Or at the Feaſt of Bounds, the Lambe then ſlaine,
Or Kid forc'd from the Woolfe againe.

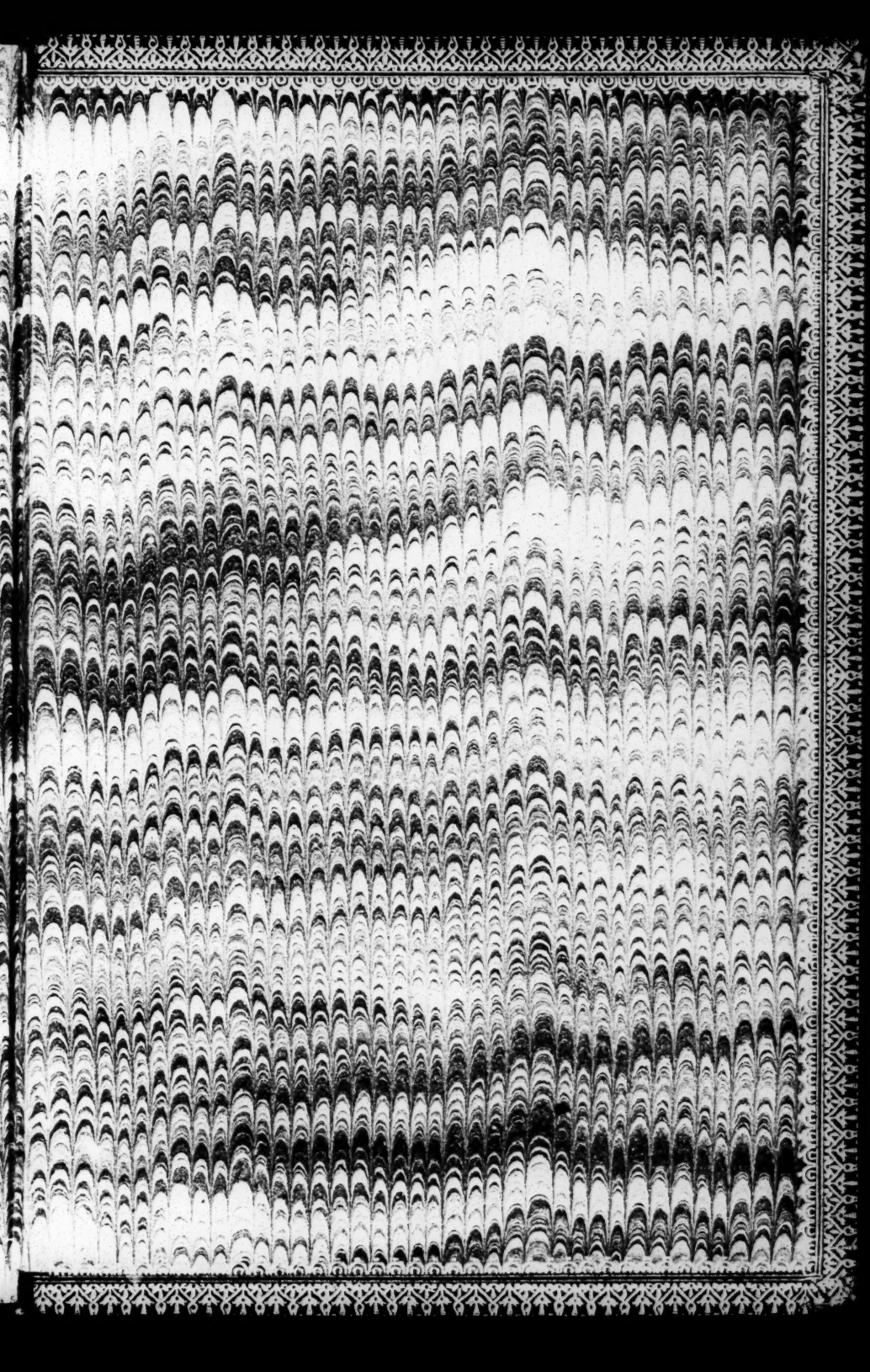
Among

Among theſe Cates how glad the ſight doth come
Of the fed Flocks approaching home!
To view the weary Oxen draw, with bare
And fainting necks, the turned Share!
The wealthy ſhouſhold ſwarme of bondmen met,
And 'bout the ſteeming Chimney ſet!
Theſe thoughts when Uſurer *Alphius*, now about
To turne more farmer, had ſpoke out
'Gainſt th' Ides, his moneys he gets in with paine,
At th' Calends puts all out againe.

FINIS.

1320

0 e/c/-

B1604

ne.-